Next Month

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME
Eleanor Roosevelt

A simple statement of the religious beliefs of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who (if the Forum poll published in this issue means anything) may be our next First Lady of the Land. Both the Democrats and the Republicans have padded their campaign speeches with general references to the importance of spiritual values in these trying days. This is the first time, so far as we know, that anyone with political connections has attempted to treat the subject specifically.

THE BIG BROTHER COMPLEX
Philip Guedalla

"Race, economics, and religion have conspired to differentiate North from South America; and not all the perorations in the world are ever likely to unite them. For what have they in common beyond a name inherited by both continents from an explorer who discovered neither? Their moods are widely different; their ideals appear to run in opposite directions; and the looks that they exchange are rarely seen in lovers' eyes." On this theme Philip Guedalla brings to bear his civilized intelligence, his wit, his flashing style.

RHAPSODIES IN RED
William Soskin

In this, the third in our series of articles on current literature, William Soskin attempts to explain why so many contemporary American writers have embraced Communism. His ridicule will not please the ardent literary Communists, but it will delight those of us who have no literary reputation at stake.

IN OUR STARS
Lewis Mumford

Following Irwin Edman's lead in this issue, Lewis Mumford paints a very different picture of the world fifty years from now as he foresees it.

ENGLAND OFF THE GOLD STANDARD
Harold J. Laski

Is England better off than we are? Do they breed a higher type of statesman over there? Those who know nothing about England would have us think so — but read what an Englishman has to say about English politics in general, and Ramsay MacDonald in particular.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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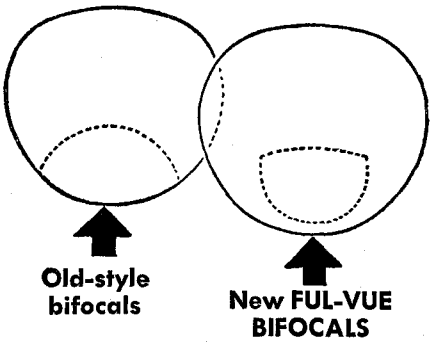

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TOASTS

PAUL HUTCHINSON, before he became Managing Editor of *The Christian Century*, traveled extensively in China, studying the social and political life of that country. He has also studied at first hand conditions in Mexico, Russia, and Germany. A series of Mr. Hutchinson's articles written for *The Christian Science Monitor*, two years ago, during a visit to Geneva, was published as *The United States of Europe*.

IRWIN EDMAN is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University and the author of several books of essays. "The only thing I hold against teaching and writing," he complains, "is that they interfere with each other and I like them both extremely." Recently Mr. Edman returned from a trip abroad, during which he spent much time in Germany and in Holland, where he attended a meeting of philosophers at The Hague.

MILTON S. MAYER, went to the University of Chicago for three years. While he was there he was campus correspondent for various Chicago newspapers and for the Associated Press. For six months after leaving the University, he was connected with the Associated Press in St. Louis as State Correspondent, a position he left to join the editorial staff of the *Chicago Evening Post*. Since the demise of the *Post*, a year ago, Mr. Mayer has been writing for *The Chicagoan*.

MARK S. WATSON, Editor of *The Sunday Sun* in Baltimore, served his newspaper apprenticeship in Plattsburg, New York, where he went shortly after his graduation from Union College in 1904. He spent two years in France, during the War, and left the service as a major of field artillery. He is the author of several recent magazine articles on the mounting costs of federal government, particularly in regard to veterans' relief.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is a member of the generation of which he writes in "New Voices." He was born in 1902 and has been writing since 1924. His most important books are: *Why We Fought*, an economic and political study of our entrance into the World War, and *The Three Jameses*, which deals with the celebrated family of intellectuals. Mr. Grattan has also edited, and contributed to, a number of books on contemporary problems of a literary and social nature.

CHARLES T. HALLINAN is an American who has lived contentedly for the past ten years in London. He was born in Lansing, Michigan, brought up in Chicago, and educated at Dartmouth College. His business is that of buying and selling securities on the London Stock Exchange.

RAY ERWIN BABER, professor of sociology at New York University, taught for four years at Lingnan University, Canton, China, where the tremendous problem of population pressure and the crying need for birth control greatly impressed him. He has also taught at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Illinois. "My favorite course," writes Professor Baber, "is *Marriage and the Family*, in which I find young folks sincerely and intelligently interested."

GEORGE WELLINGTON, who is the postmaster in La Belle, Pennsylvania, has been at various times a school teacher, a professional ball player, a lumberjack, a miner, a paymaster, and a soldier. He has also driven a delivery wagon and worked in an establishment where oranges were packed. Apropos of how the depression has affected him, he writes: "In place of pink, it's purple stamps we sell."

ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK and her husband, who is a geologist, are living at present in a mining camp in the very northern part of Sweden, near the Circle and not far from Finland. "My own children, as well as several nieces and a nephew, are in school in Lausanne," she writes, "so at every opportunity I make a bee line for Switzerland, and here, through contact with my young relatives and their very cosmopolitan circle of friends, I have got into rather intimate contact with the rising generation, both of my own country and of Europe."

PAUL DE KRUIF, after two years of general scientific study and two years of medicine, began his career as a bacteriologist at the University of Michigan and later became a member of the faculty. At the end of the War, during which he served in the Sanitary Corps of the Army, he joined the staff of the Rockefeller Institute, which he left in 1922. Since then his time has been largely taken up with writing books of scientific adventure. Two of the best known of these are *Microbe Hunters* and *Hunger Fighters*.

LEROY BURTON teaches in a high school in Ohio. As a milkman, laundryman, mailman, telegraph operator, baker, farmer, section hand, newsboy, metallurgist, industrial chemist, and as a teacher, for that matter, he has found life richer in interest than in money. Like all high school teachers he firmly believes that all parents know how to have children, but that only a few know how to raise them.

CYRUS FISHER has traveled widely in Europe and in the Orient and has studied at various universities in this country and in France and Germany. His radio criticisms, which have been appearing regularly in THE FORUM, are an outgrowth of his varied experience in writing and producing radio programs.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COMING OF A THIRD PARTY, by Paul A. Douglas; Whittlesey House, $2.00.

THOSE who are seeking political education can ill afford to miss this admirable book by the Vice-Chairman of John Dewey's League for Independent Political Action. Professor Douglas is a persuasive pleader, and a brilliant analyst of our social and economic maladjustments. In the first half of his book he outlines the objectives towards which he thinks we should strive, laying special emphasis on the needs of labor and of the farmer. He then proceeds to the harder question of tactics, and explains in detail why, in his opinion, those objectives can never be achieved by working through either of the old parties. The latter, he says, are too riddled with corruption, too subservient to moneyed conservatism. Brief spurts of progressivism have occurred in the past, and will again, but for the successful completion of a far-reaching program a Third Party is essential. Professor Douglas' arguments are hard to combat, and he is, moreover, far more realistic than most of our Utopian planners. Where his book is weakest is when he discusses the Socialist party. The program of the League for Independent Political Action is so closely related to that of Norman Thomas that one inevitably wonders whether a duplication of effort, a splitting of vital force, is not imminent. It is true that Professor Douglas, recognizing the danger, proposes the fullest possible co-operation between the two groups and eventual coalition. Nevertheless the whole business is rather confusing to the man in the street. With this reservation, *The Coming of a New Party* is an excellent political study. It raises questions which, sooner or later, every thinking citizen will have to meet.

SONS, by Pearl S. Buck; John Day, $2.50.

FOUR distinct features make *The Good Earth* the book it is: Mrs. Buck's style, her ability to interpret the Chinese people in terms understandable to an American audience, her love of earth and the people who work it, and the unforgettable character of O-Lan. Of these the first two remain unaltered and as compelling as ever in *Sons*, which continues the story of the Wang-Lung family; but the earth theme is subordinated to war — as is necessary to the proving of the author's point — and O-Lan, who died in *The Good Earth*, of course does not appear. Thus unavoidably deprived of two of her strongest assets, Mrs. Buck has not succeeded in making *Sons* as interesting as its predecessor. Nor is she to blame, since, as has been indicated, the fault lies not in her treatment but in her material. The career of Wang the Tiger as a war lord is

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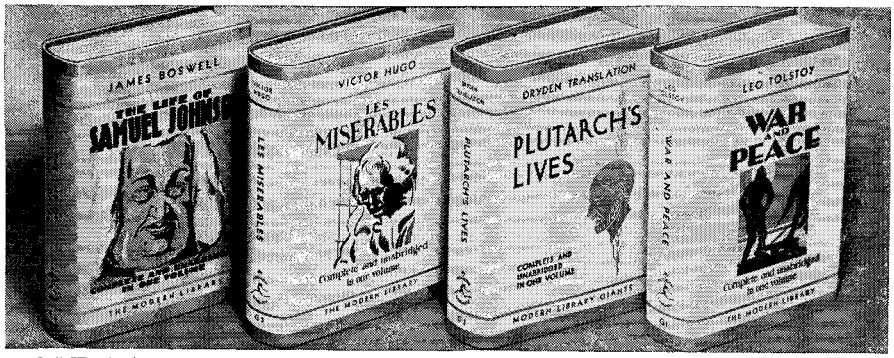
Books in Brief

colorful and at times exciting (at other times, too, monotonous), and because the author is unquestionably an artist one may take for granted that it is authentic, but the bizarre array of Oriental battle does not compensate for the lack of that simple homeliness which characterized *The Good Earth*. Only here and there does one come across veins of the first, and finer, metal; as in the pitiful fortitude of Pear Blossom, relic of an old régime; the intimate details of tea houses and inner courts; the squabblings between the Wang sons' wives. Yet for all of this, *Sons* is to be read. To say that it does not equal *The Good Earth* is not to condemn it, for most readers of that book felt somehow that it could have no equal. Certainly its successor is far better, and has much more justification for being, than most sequels to best-sellers.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MOONEY CASE, by Ernest Jerome Hopkins; Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.50.

As Mr. Hopkins says, emotional bias conditions one's attitude toward the Mooney case. Radicals and reactionaries each have a prescribed, foreordained response when that inflammatory name is mentioned. Too little of the controversy is based on a knowledge of what actually happened during that Preparedness Day Parade in San Francisco, and of exactly what evidence has turned up during the ensuing sixteen years. This knowledge Ernest Jerome Hopkins is in an excellent position to supply. He served on the *San Francisco Bulletin* under Fremont Olner, the great liberal editor who was responsible for reopening the Mooney case; he saw with his own eyes the fatal parade which occasioned the bomb explosion; he covered the trials of both Billings and Mooney. More importantly, his sociological investigations for the *Bulletin* had made him familiar with the background of the case, with the whole history of civic and labor strife in California. He pictures San Francisco, in that mad summer of 1916, as a city neurotic with hysteria, a city in which conflicting passions ran so high that to subvert justice was child's play. Mr. Hopkins leaves one in no possible doubt as to his own attitude towards the Mooney case. He regards the innocence of Mooney and Billings as axiomatic, and his record of perjured witnesses, of corruption in the courts, of suppressed testimony, of conflicting evidence, is so appalling that one wonders how even the most confirmed reactionary could successfully combat it. Mr. Hopkins, apparently, sponsors the theory that the bomb was planted by Mexicans, and his account of the witnesses who testified to that effect, and of how their testimony was disregarded, is



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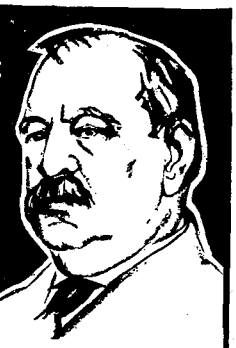

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Books in Brief

one of the most effective parts of the book. True to the same theory which animated his previous book, *Our Lawless Police*, Mr. Hopkins maintains that the real issue in the Mooney case is not Mooney, but the easy conscriptability of government by economic interests, the gross perversion of law and justice which imprisonment for opinion implies.

THE GODS ARRIVE, by Edith Wharton; Appleton, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH it can, without much detriment, be read independently, this novel is a sequel to *Hudson River Bracketed*. Unwilling to wait for the divorce which her husband is so reluctant to give, Halo Tarrant flaunts all her social traditions by departing for Europe with Vance Weston, and there living with him openly. Their relationship rapidly becomes complex and difficult. Vance, a writer of some promise, ceases to share his working life with Halo as he did when they were both bound and secretly in love. He is ridden by instability of temperament, she by the cruel demands and the insecurity of her position. They reach a final adjustment only after a series of painful psychological crises, which include Vance's physical bondage to another woman. This is not one of the best of Edith Wharton's novels, and her attempts to cope with a changed social structure are not always successful. Nevertheless it is a finished and dignified book, often acute and ironic, often moving.

MORE MERRY-GO-ROUND; Anonymous; Liveright, $3.00.

SURPRISINGLY enough, this second ride on the Washington Merry-Go-Round is anything but an anti-climax — is, indeed, rather more amusing and rewarding than the first. There is less irresponsible chitter-chatter in this second volume of irreverent revelations and more indication than the anonymous (but not so very anonymous) authors have a serious and enlightened social viewpoint. This is particularly true of the chapter on the Supreme Court, "Nine Old Men," which is easily the best chapter in the book — and which criticizes the theory and practice of our highest court as well as the aged gentlemen who compose it. On a lighter plane, the rather scurrilous account of Pat Hurley, the chapter on the inglorious mutes of the Senate, and the chapter on crime and bootlegging as practised in the capital are all conspicuously good. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to caution the reader that all the gossip and all the barbed shots at official Washington cannot be swallowed whole. The bulk of the book, however, is palpably pretty true. Were it not so entertaining, it might

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Books in Brief

easily be more disrupting to our faith in government than any number of back files of the *New Masses* or the *Daily Worker*.

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON, by Ernest Hemingway; Scribner, $3.50.

ALWAYS concerned with death and masculinity, Ernest Hemingway combines the two in this long, admirably illustrated (with photographs that are minor works of art) and exhaustive treatise on bull-fighting. His is no dilettante's interest in the sport, if sport it is, but the tireless enthusiasm of the student. To him the killing of bulls in a ring is an art, an art as deserving of serious criticism as is literature, and a good deal closer to life. If his zeal for it has betrayed him into writing overly technical descriptions and explanations which will bore most American readers — who have an instinctive horror of the matador's profession anyway — he errs in the right direction; it would have been easy for him to have given us the fiction writer's version of this most real of all spectacles, to have substituted the Hemingway glamour for factual information. As a, for the most part, entertaining and occasionally superb dictionary of bull-fighting then, *Death in the Afternoon* is whole-heartedly recommended, whether the subject disgusts or inspires. The writing, however — and surprisingly — is not to be praised so unreservedly. There are passages which bristle with that tensity, that cruel toughness of mind and heart for which Hemingway is famous and which have led less skillful men to imitate him, but there are also portions in which the style is nothing less than abominable. It is not slipshod writing (Hemingway is known as a laborious workman); it is simply bad: awkward, tortuous, belligerently clumsy. How to explain or apologize for it, and those Hemingway devotees who admit it will do one or the other, is difficult; the fact is that it is there.

A NEW DEAL, by Stuart Chase; Macmillan, $2.00.

SINCE he is a prolific writer, Stuart Chase's views are by this time tolerably well known to all readers who have even a casual interest in enlightened economics. Therefore it is perhaps sufficient to say that this latest book of his is not a random collection of essays on the topics which usually engage his interest, but rather an orderly analysis of the current situation and an exposition of the means by which, according to Mr. Chase, we can best reshape our economic system. He rejects the roads that lead to violent revolution and business dictatorship, proposing instead progressive revision of the economic structure with the aid of collectivism — which, he maintains, has already made more headway than most people imagine. He makes a plea for a better understanding of what an economic system is really for. He considers that the villain of the piece is not so much private profit as stupid and wasteful economic behavior on the part of persons who must not be permitted opportunities to wreck and choke the system through their own irresponsibility. Occasionally there appear to be flaws in Mr. Chase's logic, but on the whole this is a very stimulating and useful book.

THE ROVING EYE, by Humphrey Pakington; Norton, $2.00.

REALLY sly and skillful light comedy is so rare that it seems hardly just to quarrel with Mr. Humphrey Pakington because this novel, for all its charms, is not so amusing as its predecessor, *Four in Family*. The too amiable and soft-hearted hero is a young man named James Barnes-Watson who gets himself engaged to the wrong girl and has a terrible time extricating himself in order to marry the right one. (The right one, incidentally, happens to be Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the mad, delightful Warmstrys who so enlivened Mr. Pakington's earlier book.) The plot, however, is negligible. Even the author doesn't take it seriously. It merely provides a rather thin excuse for any number of cock-eyed scenes, and for the entrance of sundry aunts, old ladies, curates, and bishops whose foibles Mr. Pakington exposes with gay good humor. As a novel, *The Roving Eye* is entirely too disjointed. Its humor, moreover, at times is too monotonous. Nevertheless it is very funny indeed, at its best, and a swell antidote for melancholia.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1932, edited by Edward J. O'Brien; Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

DESPITE Mr. O'Brien's claims that the American short story has at last reached artistic maturity, the present collection seems, if anything, less good than that of last year. Most of the really fine and really promising younger writers are represented, but in most cases with something less than their best work. This is particularly true of William Faulkner, on whom the big money has been placed. "Smoke" is strangely reminiscent of a conventional detective story, and vastly inferior to "That Evening Sun Go Down," which was one of the brightest spots in the 1931 volume. Erskine Caldwell, William March, Meridel Lesueur, George Milburn, and Leo L. Ward all raise the average markedly, but it is

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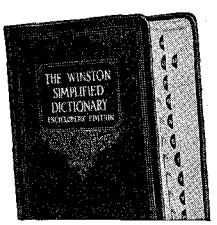

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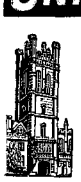

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doubtful whether any of their tales could be considered really exceptional. In the rest of the volume, there is a sinister trend toward frank sentimentality or toward emasculated emotion which makes one wonder if the experimental writers are going ahead quite as fast as Mr. O'Brien thinks — whether they are not becoming a little self-conscious and a little limited.

NOT TO BE REPEATED, Anonymous; Long and Smith, $3.00.

FRANKLY sub-titled "The Merry-Go-Round of Europe," this book is another compilation of spicy inside stuff. The astute Mr. Ray Long, feeling that a formula which worked so well for Washington ought to work elsewhere, commissioned a group of journalists — most of them, presumably, American correspondents — to give this country the low-down on Europe. Where are the various countries heading? What are their leading policies? Who are their big shots? These questions are answered with varying success in a volume of varied merit. There is little unity of tone, though in a general way the book is more serious, less impiously amusing, than its American progenitor. The chapter on Germany, for example, is long, detailed, highly informative, and more than a little dull. France, on the other hand, is discussed with a great deal of wit and verve. So are the Central European countries. So is Geneva. Russia is handled in a somewhat perfunctory fashion; the chapter on England is good, though somewhat overloaded with personalities; the crisp, pointed chapter on Italy is perhaps the best in the book. Whatever its flaws, however, *Not To Be Repeated* is certainly worth reading. Those who are interested in the foibles of statesmen and the intrigues of comic opera kings will be amply rewarded. So, too, will those who have a less frivolous curiosity about the perplexed and complicated affairs of modern Europe.

INHERITANCE, by Phyllis Bentley; Macmillan, $2.50.

ANYONE with a weakness for family chronicles, anyone who likes body and robustness in fiction, anyone who is weary of tenuousness and brittle social comedy — any such person ought to welcome *Inheritance*. It is the story of the Oldroyd dynasty, a Yorkshire family who for centuries were associated with the textile industry, first as weavers, then as mill-owners and manufacturers. It takes up their history in 1812, when they were starting their rise in the world, and ends it with their ruin and decay. It shows how intimately the Oldroyds were bound up

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with the history of the Ire Valley, how, from the day that Joe Bamforth swung on the gallows, falsely accused of the murder of old William Oldroyd, the destinies of the two families were interwoven. Young Will seduced Joe's sister, and years later married her. The two strains were inseparably linked, and forever at odds. Always the Bamforths, with their championship of the oppressed mill workers, were a pricking goad to the arrogant, vital, domineering Oldroyds. Could the two strains have coalesced completely, the final downfall of the Oldroyd fortunes might, Miss Bentley hints, have been avoided. She further hints that the welding may have taken place in the boy, David, with whose awakening the book ends. In any event, both the Oldroyds and the Bamforths are, throughout six generations, richly individualized, and their racy private histories are given unity and point because of their relation to the industrial struggle in which the two families were involved. This is an admirable novel, not brilliant perhaps, somewhat lacking in lift, but measurably more important and more rewarding than the ordinary run of polished English fiction.

LET THERE BE BEER, by Bob Brown; Smith & Haas, $2.00.

A CERTAIN bitter-sweet melancholia, oddly mixed with language of considerable gusto, characterizes this anatomy of what was once America's favorite beverage. Mr. Brown's beer-drinking career has covered a multitude of years and countries, and from his rich store of experience he offers sage advice concerning quantity and quality. A labor of love, his book may be taken as an obituary of a past forever dead or an introduction to a better and brighter era just around the corner.

SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS, by Ray Tucker and Frederick R. Barkley; Page, $3.00.

IT WAS Senator Moses, the quick-tongued, who characterized the independent, progressive Senators as "Sons of the Wild Jackass." Ironically enough, Moses himself is included among these portrait sketches of the famous iconoclasts, and with Ray Tucker's acid analysis of him the publisher pathetically disclaims agreement. Aside from Moses, the men who figure in the book are Norris, Borah, Johnson, Tom Walsh, Bob La Follette, Shipstead, Cutting, Couzens, Dill, Wheeler, Nye, Costigan, Brookhart, and La Guardia. Not all of the chapters are as good as those on Borah and Norris, but all of them are lively, informal, and amusing. An excellent book to read in a political year.

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F O R U M

NOVEMBER, 1932 VOL. LXXXVIII, NO. 5

How I Shall Vote

In the following pages a number of Forum authors state their political beliefs and name the candidate they will vote for in the coming presidential election. Forum readers who have come to respect the opinions of these men and women, through contact with them in The Forum, will find these personal statements of great interest and possibly of assistance in making up their own minds as to how they ought to vote. In presenting the results of this poll, every effort has been made at impartiality. The letters are offered just as they were received.

H. L. Mencken

I shall vote for Roosevelt. His deficiencies are manifest, but he is certainly better than Hoover. I can see nothing in Hoover save a shallow opportunist, without principles or dignity. His shameless desertion of his Methodist allies and benefactors in the face of the enemy offered a fair measure of him. I can trust him as a wet no more than I trusted him as a dry. I believe that all genuine wets should vote for Roosevelt.

Baltimore, Md.

Roger Babson

I expect to vote for Mr. Hoover on November 8, believing that it would be a great mistake to change the administration at this time. Mr. Hoover and his associates are far more valuable to the country than they have ever been before, and it would take Governor Roosevelt at least two years in office to catch up with them. Of course, this does not mean that I expect Mr. Hoover necessarily to be re-elected.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Simeon Strunsky

I have the Democratic habit in Presidential years, so perhaps I am only rationalizing when I say that we have this year a heaven-sent opportunity to rid our national politics of an ancient superstition and fear, namely, that Republicans make prosperity and Democrats bring depression.

We have had our biggest depression under a Republican administration. Let us now have recovery, which is coming anyhow, under a Democratic administration. We shall then have won a lasting victory for sane political thinking.

But if a person does believe that political parties make good and bad times, it is plain that the Republicans should be voted out this year.

New York, N. Y.

Lewis Mumford

What is the dominant political issue to-day? It is the problem of transforming our ill-organized, wasteful, misguided, and inherently insecure economic order into a planned economy which will utilize our present knowledge and power for the well-being of society as a

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whole. In short, the problem is the transition to communism.

No palliatives or petty remedies are possible: there must be a deep reintegration of our entire society, together with a moral regeneration which will affect every aspect of our existence. By war and wild speculation and vicious maldistribution, our capitalist society has already partly deflated itself: our task is to continue this deflation and, by the application of a dynamic communism, to create a new structure favorable not merely to production but to a purposive and humane life.

Politically, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have the faintest will to create this new order. This narrows one's choice to the Socialists and the Communists. Both these parties are handicapped by an inadequate and partly false mid-Victorian ideology. The Socialists have perhaps a more realistic sense of the complexity of the task before them; but the Communists realize that a compact minority, with *élan* and discipline, can do more to effect a change than a soggy majority of half-wishing, half-willing protesters and sympathizers and hangers-on, who will dissolve at the first reappearance of bourgeois "prosperity."

The Communists, unfortunately, are hypnotized by the precedent of Russia: they have a childish dependence upon their political parent. Like the Chinese potters in the eighteenth century, copying an English plate, they would even imitate the cracks and the flaws as well as the original design. I hold that Communism in America will have to create a new pattern of action and discipline and expression, fundamentally different in many respects from that developed in Soviet Russia. But if I vote at all, it will be for the Communists, in order to express as emphatically as possible the belief that our present crisis calls for a complete and drastic re-orientation in both the personal and the political life of the community.

Amenia, N. Y.

Clarence Darrow

I am in favor of Roosevelt for President because we have had four years of Hoover.

Chicago, Ill.

Elmer Davis

I am voting for Thomas, believing that the Republican party is absolutely useless to anyone but Republican office holders and protected manufacturers, and that the Democrats, while somewhat better, have no clear idea either of where the country is going or of where it ought to go. I am no more a Marxian than I am a Mohammedan; but American Socialists are mostly not dogmatic Marxians either, and I think that with the support of undogmatic and non-partisan voters which they would need to win, they can better be trusted than either of the old parties to undertake the extensive reconstruction that American business and industry needs.

New York, N. Y.

Fabian Franklin

I was strongly against Hoover in 1928. His 1928 speech of acceptance was preposterous, and its faults were reflected in his administration up to about a year ago. Since then he has shown some great qualities in an appallingly difficult situation. Whether Roosevelt should be preferred to him will probably be clearer a month hence. Will he match Hoover's courage on the bonus? Will he give a plain meaning to his apparently impossible promises to the farmers? Does he still think "persistent bold experimentation" the cure for hard times?

Economic restoration is the country's overshadowing need. I shall vote for the man whose election seems most likely to promote it.

Ridgefield, Conn.

Clarence True Wilson

You have asked me the most embarrassing question that can be put to me at this time: whom I will support as President during the present fight.

I believe the Drys have a clear majority as indicated by two-thirds Dry members in the Senate, more than two-thirds Dry representatives in the House, three-fourths of all the Governors of the states of the Union Dry because the people have taken remarkable care of prohibition but the politicians have sold it out. They thought that loud clamor from the hoodlums that crowded the galleries in Chicago of both parties represented the voice of the American people and they have outwitted the Drys by giving them no place to go.

The national Democratic platform is wet and Roosevelt for it one hundred per cent. The Republican party sanctions that infamous

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system of state conventions and Mr. Hoover backs it one hundred per cent. His administration of prohibition has brought us to our present pass. The Socialists are equally wet and the Prohibitionists equally weak.

I don't know whom I shall vote for on the Presidents but I shall advocate a close scrutiny of the candidates for Congress and Senate and hope that we shall have such a Dry line-up that, whoever is President, our representatives will stand like a stone wall for prohibition until it falls into friendly hands and is strictly enforced.

Washington, D. C.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

My political philosophy does not run to Socialism, hence I shall not vote for Norman Thomas. So far as Hoover and Roosevelt go, I have been able to discern nothing in either that merits the vote of any intelligent patriot. I shall therefore deprive myself of the pleasure of attending the polls in November.

New York, N. Y.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

I shall vote for Mr. Hoover. I think that his acceptance speech possibly saved his party or else stole its thunder, not only by his stand on prohibition but by his attitude toward the depression. He has handled a difficult Congress without concession of principle. I like his clarity and frankness on the bonus question. Also, I think that in his second term, freed from such political compliance as was no doubt necessary for his re-election, Mr. Hoover would complete the sound reconstruction measures which he has set in motion but which need time and sustained leadership to develop.

Duluth, Minn.

JOHN T. FLYNN

I propose to vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Our depression is due to economic forces which in turn are stimulated by practices of the government and of large economic groups. Mr. Hoover has struggled desperately but ignorantly, not to end the depression, but to save the practices which caused it — like a health officer in a plague epidemic who fights, not to end the plague, but to save the rats. He has stupidly called conferences of business men as ignorant as himself, instead of economists and sociologists. If he is re-elected, holding companies, bank affiliates, speculation, stock racketeering, price fixing will continue to flourish. We will struggle out of this depression and directly into another. Roosevelt at least promises rectification of these abuses. Hoover does not think them abuses.

New York, N. Y.

PAUL HUTCHINSON

I expect to vote for Norman Thomas. Had a vital difference developed between the Republican and Democratic candidates on prohibition, foreign affairs, or the economic situation in this country, I would probably have felt it necessary to vote for one of the two. As it is, I consider the position of the two major parties and their candidates entirely inadequate to the seriousness of our national and international position. As a protest against this inadequacy, which grows largely out of the preoccupation of the party members with spoils politics, one vote for Thomas.

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE

As a loyal Republican I must rebuke my party's responsibility for the great depression. When the country and the world needed foreign business, it forgot McKinley's "reciprocity" and blocked international trade by excessively high tariffs. It failed to reorganize banking, to control public credit, and to prohibit the sale of dishonest bonds. It omitted to punish international robbers and to protect honest business and faithful workers. It broke its promise to twenty-one million voters to enforce the whole Constitution in 1928 when the country endorsed national prohibition. The Republican was the first convention at Chicago which, in order to get campaign funds, surrendered to the underworld and organized law breakers. How to express the needed rebuke puzzles me.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

IRWIN EDMAN

In neither the programs nor the candidates of the two major parties can I find clarity or power or hope. I cannot accept the philosophy or the revolutionary technique of the Communists. The Socialist party seems to me to offer the nearest to a realistic program for the at-

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tainment of a more just, generous, and functioning society in this country. I do not think Norman Thomas is a great man, but he is a good and intelligent one, and he represents the only program I can with self-respect vote for.

New York, N. Y.

Will Durant

I admire Roosevelt's genial personality, and his handling of the Walker case, but I suspect him of a timid and vacillating opportunism. I like Norman Thomas, but (having spent the summer in Russia) I distrust government ownership. I find nothing attractive in the Republican platform, but I shall vote for Hoover because, despite his human fallibility, I admire his obstinate courage, his patience under a shamefully unjust and unintelligent criticism, and his arduous labors in the impossible task of overcoming economic laws with political legislation. The more I have studied and observed, the more I have found myself wrong, and Hoover right.

Great Neck, N. Y.

Lee Simonson

Four more years of Herbert the Hedger, with his prevarications, evasions, reactionary hysterias, and his habit of passing on problems of government to private charity, would complete a national calamity. Roosevelt shows far more capacity to grow with responsibilities of office and is far less liable to sell out the next five generations to the electric power trust. *In der Not frisst der Teufel Fliegen.*

New York, N. Y.

Julia Peterkin

I live on a cotton plantation. A high tariff has destroyed foreign markets for our crops and raised prices of things we must buy.

Those who organized the Union aimed to protect the minority from oppression by the majority. To-day we are distressed by taxes to maintain a multitude of bureaus, commissions which curtail the liberty and privacy left to us.

Mr. Hoover takes both sides of every question. He urges economy and practices unprecedented extravagance. He is for and against prohibition. He advocates home-ownership and endorses measures which penalize land holders. His re-election would be a calamity.

Fort Motte, S. C.

Aileen Riggin

I shall vote for Mr. Hoover for the following reasons:

1. His administration as President during the past term has been a most difficult one. In spite of the many handicaps presented he has proven himself to be courageous, fair minded, and an extremely capable business executive.

2. It has always seemed to me that a man with his previous experiences, both as an engineer and as a food administrator during the war, should in themselves be excellent recommendations for the office of chief executive.

3. His recent stand on the payment of the veterans' bonus in the face of such adverse criticism as he had previously received proves to me that he is both courageous and decisive.

4. My final reason for voting for Mr. Hoover is that it seems inadvisable to remove an executive who has so far weathered the storm for he has most assuredly profited by his experience of the last four years in office.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

William Trufant Foster

I see little difference between the platforms of the two large parties. They were the same, in all essentials, four years ago. They are the same now. Both are built mainly of old and rotten timbers, on a foundation of shifting sands. Both are evasive or silent where they should be clear and bold. Neither party proposes an economic Plan. Both parties offer "the forgotten man" only vague promises. A large vote of protest might bring the politicians to their senses, or lead to the formation of a new party. The most effective way to protest this year is to vote for Norman Thomas.

Newton, Mass.

Anna Steese Richardson

Born and reared a Republican, I am voting the Democratic ticket this year as a protest against:

1. The prostitution to private ends of those high principles upon which the Republican party was founded.

2. Protective tariff, devised to protect the American workman — it has served only to create a small group of enormously rich corporations whose greed has reduced millions of American wage-earners to the economic level of

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Chinese coolies, and to destroy our trade with other nations.

3. The Republican plank on prohibition, which is evasive and misleading. The Democratic plank meets the issue unequivocally with the only practical solution for a country like ours, state control of the liquor traffic with federal co-operation.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Joseph Wood Krutch

I intend to vote for Norman Thomas. It so happens that the program of the Socialist party is the one which seems to me the wisest, but even if I were unable to subscribe to some of its major proposals I would still vote for Mr. Thomas. Something must be done to make possible a party opposed to the two major parties which, at present, differ only nominally from one another. The Socialist party is the best nucleus for the protest vote.

Wilton, Conn.

Thomas D. Campbell

I am very glad to have the opportunity to explain in your well edited and popular magazine why I am going to vote for the re-election of President Hoover this fall.

As a farmer I am convinced that the Federal Farm Board has done immeasurable good for agriculture in spite of the fact that there has been a determined and concerted effort to discredit it. It becomes more evident each year that the American farmer must have the same advantage of the tariff which industry enjoys, and I believe the Republican Party will give such equality if re-elected. President Hoover has earned the right to be re-elected as he has done everything within his authority to improve conditions during the past four years. It is not his fault that certain powerful organized interests have opposed some of his policies.

Hardin, Mont.

Oswald Garrison Villard

I shall vote for Norman Thomas, although I am not, and never expect to be, an enrolled member of the Socialist party, and am still hoping for the rise of a new party analagous to the Progressive party of 1912 and the La-Follette movement of 1924. I think that Herbert Hoover has been the most conspicuous failure in the Presidency during my conscious political life, which covers a stretch of forty-five years. He has shown utter inadequacy to understand the problems before him, or to deal with them from the point of view of the masses. He is the conscious or unconscious tool of the vested interests and big business, and the holders of special privilege. I can see no hope in the Democratic party because I stand where Theodore Roosevelt stood when he declared on October 9, 1912 that "the two old parties are undivided when it comes to anything but fictitious and unreal issues." Previously he had said, "To endeavor to punish each alternative party by voting for the other is to follow the course most gratefully appreciated by the corrupt bosses of both."

New York, N. Y.

Granville Hicks

Hoover's program for preserving the capitalistic system is stupid and brutal; Roosevelt's is confused and confusing. If I desired that capitalism should survive as long as possible, I should vote for Thomas, who, however sincere his belief in Socialism, actually offers himself to the ruling class as an instrument for the preservation of the existing order. But I do not believe that capitalism can be preserved indefinitely, and I do not care to have it endure one moment longer than is necessary. Therefore I shall not vote for any of the three capitalist parties; I shall vote for William Z. Foster.

Troy, N. Y.

George N. Shuster

Though a fairly chronic Republican, I shall vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt. Of course the Democratic Party idea, as interpreted by him, is as powerless to conquer the depression as are the devices of Mr. Hoover. But if one continues to believe that government by public opinion is that to which the people of the United States have pinned their best hopes, one can't help being convinced that a Republicanism grown stodgy, unimaginative, and secretive is unable to lead under existing conditions. Mr. Roosevelt will work no miracles. But he has proved his ability to arouse interest and stimulate the nation's intelligence and moral sentiment.

New York, N. Y.

(*Continued on page XIV*)

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Storm Over Asia

The Shadow of Russia in the East

Block Print by Lowell Balcom

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

When Japan recognized Manchukuo on September 15 she completed the creation of the most dangerous political situation which has confronted the peace of the world since the close of the World War. Her most responsible leaders have sensed this, for the recognition, which had been announced as impending again and again, was not actually accorded until her foreign office had taken more than six months to try to arrange some understanding with the other powers behind the scenes. The "independent" government of Henry Pu-yi was proclaimed at Changchun in March, but it was not until September that Tokyo felt secure in recognizing its own handiwork.

What caused this hesitation? The diet, the press, the army, public opinion in general had shown itself ready to assume the risks of recognition from the day when the puppet state was organized. Why did the cabinet hold back? Even a hasty reckoning of the elements involved in the international problem created by this recognition will show why Japan delayed. She had to take into consideration, to begin with, the opposition, at least latent, of a majority of the population of Manchuria. The difficulty of policing the region has been clear to Tokyo ever since the military occupation was completed, and as time has passed this difficulty has grown rather than lessened, as the guerilla attacks on the Mukden arsenal have shown. In the second place, Japan had reason

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to know that while China cannot resist with arms this invasion of her sovereignty, she can and will inflict terrific punishment on Japan's export trade. In the third place, the refusal of America, in the words of the new Hoover Doctrine, to grant recognition to any "situation, treaty, or agreement" arrived at by other than pacific means, together with Mr. Stimson's threat in the Borah letter to counter a fracture of the Nine-Power Treaty with abandonment of the Washington Naval Agreement, constituted another peril to Japan's future, economic if not political. In the fourth place, the interest of the League of Nations in the recommendations of the Lytton commission — whatever they might turn out to be — involved practically all the rest of the world in the fate of Manchuria. And in the fifth place, the extent of the Russian interests in northern Manchuria, and the relation of the political status of the region to the future of all Siberia east of Lake Baikal, made it unthinkable that Moscow could watch this consummation of Japan's military adventure with indifference.

Every one of these elements Tokyo had to take into account in making up her mind as to what to do about the Changchun government. No wonder she hesitated! But why, after balancing all the factors involved, did she finally conclude to announce what amounts to, if not a full-fledged Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, at least a Platt Amendment? If the Westerner will try to look at the problem as it must have shaped itself in the eyes of the Tokyo cabinet ministers, the answer should be clear.

To begin with, the Japanese undoubtedly dismissed the local opposition in Manchuria as a police problem, to be solved by military action, just as the United States finally solved her problem in the Philippines, and New Zealand in Samoa. The Chinese trade threat could be discounted on two assumptions: first, that it could not be made much worse than it already was, and second, that economic losses in China proper would be compensated by gains in the new dependency. The American threat, while more serious, could in a sense be postponed, since there was apparently no danger of overt action under any circumstances, and since the conspicuous lack of enthusiasm for the Hoover Doctrine on the part of France and England was working toward a progressive isolation of the diplomatic position of the United States. Much the same judgment must have ruled in respect to the danger from the League. No matter what the report of the Lytton commission, the League stood to lose so much more by a withdrawal on the part of Japan than it could gain by any sort of attempted intervention that any threat from that source could be discounted, at least for the time being.

To the Tokyo cabinet, therefore, it must have seemed that the wisdom of formally proclaiming a protectorate over Manchuria — for that is what the protocol amounts to — came down to a question of the intentions of Russia. Every other element in the equation could be handled or postponed until the Japanese position had been made impregnable. But would Russia hold off? Tokyo announced months ago that the Soviets had massed an army of at least 150,000 men along the Manchurian border. Would the final passing of the region, with its vast Russian interests, under Japanese control set that army in motion? Or would Moscow acquiesce in the establishment of the new régime? By early September Japan became convinced that Russia had no intention of protesting against her proposed course, and that there was a good chance that Russia would line up as the second nation to recognize the Changchun government. Disregarding all other dangers, therefore, the protocol was signed.

If this analysis of the process of thinking which has led to Japan's formal recognition of Manchukuo is correct, it makes important an understanding of the relation of Russia to the whole situation. Too few Westerners, for example, realize that all Manchuria is caught within the great geographical claw of Siberia and the Russian Maritime Provinces, so that the Soviets cannot keep out of this struggle if they would. Too few comprehend that all Soviet diplomacy faces toward the East rather than the West, if for no other reason than because there is more territory in Asia under the rule or domination of Moscow in this fifteenth year of the Soviet state than there was in the entire European-Asiatic empire of the Tsars! But these are facts in the present Far Eastern problem that should never be left out of account. Why, in the face of these facts, has Tokyo concluded that Russia is willing to

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give her a free hand? Is her conclusion justified, both now and in respect to the long future?

Russia Is Loath to Fight

Despite the fears which she excites, Russia is probably the least belligerent major nation in the world to-day. Her leaders have from time to time, and for obvious reasons, played much the same game of whipping up their followers with recurrent war scares that Mussolini was playing a few years ago. That there are risks in such a practice must be appreciated by the Communist party chiefs. For after a whole generation has been reared to believe in the inevitability of war, and after a whole population has been treated, year after year, to the stimulus of successive war scares, it is all too possible that a mass psychology will be created which will, in itself, provoke the disaster that the Red army has been formed to ward off.

Everything indicates, however, that Russia is honest in her protestation that she does not want war. If there is an army on earth that is actually what all armies are allegedly — a weapon for defense only — the Red army is that army. The proposals of complete disarmament which Litvinov has twice presented at Geneva have, on both occasions, been greeted with incredulity. Surely the offer concealed some dark Communist chicanery! Surely it could not mean what it said! But what evidence has there been of lack of good faith? On each occasion Litvinov, having had his inevitable (and earned) jibe at the expense of the capitalist states, with their touching interest in disarmament so long as no important reduction in military and naval forces was at stake, went ahead to assure the world of Russia's readiness to share in any degree of disarmament to which the other nations would agree. Russia signed the Kellogg Pact; she has concluded a series of non-aggression pacts — an extension of the Kellogg theory to specific cases — with practically all her neighbors, except Roumania. She is continuing to press for such a treaty with Japan, and even with France. And she is pushing this effort to guarantee peace into the economic field, out of which come modern wars, with proposals for trade reciprocation and an end to tariff reprisals.

A study of the goals of the second Five-Year Plan will show that, despite her dogma of inevitable conflict with the capitalist world, Soviet Russia is actually losing much of the fear of immediate invasion which has colored all her actions up to this time. Instead of the feverish attempt to build up heavy industries and communications — the backbone of war preparedness — which was the characteristic of the first plan, the new schedule puts its emphasis on a 100 per cent increase in housing, a 50 per cent increase in expenditures on cultural and social services, a 30 per cent increase in small manufactured goods for household use, a 33 per cent increase in wages, and an indefinite increase in the domestic food supply. This is not the program of a nation contemplating war. Moreover, the disappointing failure of the first Five-Year program to achieve many of its quotas in 1932 must have made Moscow question the readiness of the nation to sustain a major conflict, especially in the Far East.

Yet despite Russia's readiness to go to great lengths to avoid conflict, in order that the shortcomings of the first Five-Year Plan may be rectified and the second carried through to success, Tokyo knows that there is a point of provocation at which Moscow will elect to fight. The Red army is no empty gesture. Technical observers may differ as to its efficiency — and do — and it may still be lacking in certain important supplies, but it is superior to Russian armies of the past. This superiority is, in large degree, due to two causes. In the first place, it can depend on the honesty of its staff. Whatever their technical proficiency, the soldiers in the ranks know that the men at headquarters will not expose them to such inroads of graft and treachery as were so largely responsible for the slaughters suffered in Manchuria in 1905 and in Galicia in 1914. In the second place, the Red army has a morale that sets it apart from the ordinary conscript army. The political indoctrination which is a chief part of the training of every Red soldier has succeeded marvelously in convincing these young fellows that they are members of a company of picked stalwarts, every one of whom is rendering service of importance to the whole future of mankind. Seen in contrast with the other armies of Europe, there is a striking absence from the Red army of that "spit and polish" work that is elsewhere accepted as an

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evidence of good training. But there is a high camaraderie, founded on a mood of deadly seriousness as companions in a great crusade, that makes the Red soldier a fighting man not to be despised.

Ever since Admiral Saito became premier the Tokyo cabinet has shown its respect for the Red army. It is undoubtedly true that the rampant military group which assassinated Premier Inukai desired to follow up their drive upon the government at home by an even more sensational drive in Manchuria. That group would have welcomed a war with the Soviets. As late as July General Araki, war minister and generally acknowledged leader of the militarist group which has exerted such profound influence on recent Japanese policy, was writing in a Japanese magazine of the necessity for affording the Korean subjects of the Mikado who have removed to Siberia the same sort of protection that had led to the military occupation of Manchuria. But Admiral Saito has backed away from any such truculence with admirable circumspection. Hardly had he assumed office before he gave out an official statement characterizing Russia's attitude toward Manchurian affairs as "perfectly correct."

The fact seems to be that, despite the saber-rattling of Japanese militarists on the one side and the concentration of Red troops along the Manchurian border on the other, the secret diplomacy of the last six months has brought Tokyo and Moscow to a virtual understanding. Japan still refuses to sign a non-aggression treaty with Russia (urging her solicitude for the Kellogg Pact as her excuse!) but she has probably given Moscow assurances against invasion and a promise of some sort regarding the security of Russian rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway. In return, Russia has replaced Chinese consular agents with representatives of the Changchun government in several Siberian cities, and she has apparently agreed to let Japan occupy and direct the Chinese Eastern as she pleases, at least for the time being. Most observers believe that the deal which is being discussed behind the scenes involves trading Japanese recognition of a Russian protectorate over Outer Mongolia for Russian recognition of the Japanese protectorate over Manchukuo. Whether or not such a move finally comes to light, the tension between the two nations has unmistakably abated since the formation of the Saito cabinet, so that Tokyo is justified in believing itself safe against any immediate threat from Russian sources.

Bad Blood Between Russia and China

But when it comes to judging as to the ultimate effect of the Japanese policy in Manchuria on the peace of Asia, it is necessary to take still another consideration into account. That is the relation of Russia to China. Where do the two nations stand to-day, and what is the influence of their dealings likely to be on developments north of the Great Wall?

There is no reason, it must be remembered, why Moscow should have any great friendliness toward the shadow-government that now claims to represent China. Karakhan, now second in command of the Soviet foreign office, cannot have forgotten what happened to him at Peking. Borodin, slowly coming back to a place of importance in the Soviet foreign service, cannot have forgotten what happened to him at Hankow. And Nanking has acknowledged responsibility for the execution of thousands of Chinese because of their membership, or suspected membership, in Communist organizations. The outside world has little comprehension of the bloody slaughter which has gone on in China in the effort to wipe out Communism. This Communism, to be sure, has not been of the pure Moscow brand. It has not "held to the party line" laid down by the Third Internationale. To multitudes of the poor devils among the peasants of central China and the coolie laborers of the port cities who have been executed with hardly a semblance of trial, Communism has been nothing more than a vague dream of escape from exploitation and misery. But these poor dumb human cattle, together with hundreds of idealistic students, have given up their lives in the name of Communism. When it deals with Nanking, Moscow does not forget these things.

On the other hand, Moscow is realistic. Particularly since the elimination of Trotsky lifted the constant pressure toward the fomenting of world revolution, the Soviet foreign office has shown itself ready to do business with any state in a reciprocal mood. Accordingly when, last June, Nanking moved for a restoration of diplomatic relations, Moscow did not

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hold back. Undoubtedly, Stalin and his associates reasoned that there was nothing to be lost by such negotiations. They knew that Nanking's appeal had desperation behind it. Helpless before Japanese aggression in Manchuria, daily expecting a Japanese advance into Inner Mongolia, and unable to obtain any other support to deal with the growth of revolts in all parts of China proper, the turning of Nanking to Moscow was, in reality, a surrender. If Russia responded it meant that the stern break with Communism, which had been trumpeted as the justifying virtue of the Nanking régime, was at an end.

Any way the internal Chinese situation develops, Russia, with diplomatic relations restored, stands to gain. Should the Nanking government weather the storm, Moscow will at least have amicable trade relations, a non-aggression pact which would be the equivalent of a military guarantee covering one vast flank of the Soviet Union, and a general popularity which, in case of a later break with Japan, could be played upon to create all sorts of difficulties for the Japanese. But should the Nanking government collapse — as seems now more likely — then Russia would be in a position to take up actively the pressing of the movement which has already brought an important portion of central China under avowedly Communist control.

Should the disintegration of the so-called Nationalist government give the opportunity for overt support of a Communist drive, the course then taken by Moscow would probably follow two lines. In the first place, there would be an effort to insure that the Chinese territory under Communist control was linked on with Communist territory in Mongolia, and so with the Soviet Union. And in the second place, the Russians would undoubtedly do their utmost to transform the present movement that passes for Communism in China into one at least cognizant of the main theses of the Third Internationale. Although, China being what she is, Moscow probably knows that any Leninism that might be nurtured there would turn out to be a Chinese Leninism!

It is for this chance that Russia is really angling in China to-day. She has every reason to believe that another crumbling period in Chinese history is just ahead. She wants to be in the best possible position to take advantage of that chaos when it arrives. Looking ahead not more than ten years, her leaders see the borders of a truly international — and overwhelmingly Asiatic — Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, extended to take in all Outer Mongolia, Sinkiang and Chinese Turkestan, and the Chinese provinces of Kansu, Shensi, Shansi, Honan, Hunan, Hupeh, Anwhei, Kiangsi, Fukien, Yunnan, Kweichow, Kwangsi, and Kwangtung. Trace out that prospect on a good map. A solid strip of Communist territory from the shores of the Baltic to the shores of the China Sea! Why shouldn't Moscow withhold its hand in Manchuria to-day to guard its chance for such an empire to-morrow?

Japan's Political Volcano

One other element which must be taken into account in forecasting the future in Manchuria is the outcome of the struggle now going on inside Japan. If the moderate elements represented by the present Saito cabinet retain control, the internal situation in Japan is not likely to have much effect on the international problem. But it is by no means certain that these elements will retain control. The distress being felt by farming and factory-labor elements, the resentment of the younger officers against the submission of the great commercial interests to Western financial power, and the popularity of a "manifest destiny" philosophy of patriotism among the younger intellectuals are combining to foster a type of fascism that may precipitate the most provocative of the military adventures threatened by General Araki.

It is all very well to point out the precarious financial condition of Japan and the failure of past expansionist ventures, especially on the Asiatic mainland, to pay their way. Thoughtful Japanese in university and business circles are as well aware of these things as any outside observers. But the groups which have been named in the preceding paragraph do not respond to the warnings that are drawn from these circumstances. The farmers are intrigued with the thought of new territories for development. The young intellectuals are persuaded, by what has happened in Russia, that the nation can be made financially self-contained. And the young officers are apparently ready to enter blithely on any struggle to enlarge the empire's borders and give them a chance for

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glory. Even the sad lesson suffered at Shanghai has taught them nothing.

There is another possibility which must also be taken into account. If the present moderate control of Japan is overthrown, it may not be by the rise of a military fascism at all. It may be by a proletarian uprising of a very different nature. There is an ever-present and genuine fear in Tokyo of the possibility of a Russian attack. As has been said, in a military sense this fear hardly seems well-founded. But there is another sense in which Japan may, at almost any time, find herself under attack from Russia. Social and economic conditions in Japan do offer a fertile field for the infiltration of Russian propaganda. By this it is not meant that Moscow will flood the island empire with furtive whispering agents. But if the Communists continue to show success within the U.S.S.R., the word of their achievements is sure to spread through Japan. Already there is a Communist movement of significant size, and a widespread distribution of Communist literature. Let sentiment in favor of the Communist method of dealing with problems of land ownership and factory producton spread far enough and a proletarian revolution is not at all impossible.

It should be clear that, if either of the extremist movements described comes to pass inside Japan, it will have an immediate effect on the outlook in Manchuria. If the Fascist movement gains the upper hand, the potent General Araki has already declared that it will lead to an attempt to wrest from Russia control over all Siberia east of Lake Baikal. If the proletarian uprising should come, then there would naturally follow some sort of alliance with Russia, and with the Communist China which would by that time certainly have come into existence, which would convert all Asia into a solid Red bloc, well able to defy the rest of the world.

What About the Lytton Report?

When the question is asked, therefore, as to whether there will be international war in Manchuria, the answer must be said to depend upon a series of "ifs."

If local revolts should grow into sufficient strength to enlist aid from either China or Russia, there will be war not only in Manchuria, but generally throughout Eastern Asia. This possibility, however, is too remote to deserve serious consideration.

If China should attack to regain her lost control over this region, Russian interference would not be impossible, and in that case a major war would result. This possibility, also, in view of the weakness of China, may be dismissed as remote.

If Japan should attempt to seize permanent possession of the Russian railway in northern Manchuria, there is a possibility that Russia might regard this as cause for hostilities, although in view of Moscow's preoccupation with other issues this is by no means certain. The likelihood is that Russia is prepared to accept, for the present, any Japanese action in Manchuria short of actual invasion of Russian territory.

If the present Chinese Nationalist government should collapse and a Communist state be formed, included in or allied with the U.S.S.R., an attempt to win back Manchuria to Chinese sovereignty, or to include it in the same Communist bloc, would probably follow within a short time.

If the present moderate control of the Japanese government should give way to a military fascism, the imperialist ambitions of that régime would probably lead to a clash with Russia.

If the present Japanese régime should give way to a proletarian uprising, an alliance with Russia and the Communist China that would probably come into being at the same time might possibly lead to a conflict with the Western capitalist states, which would feel their interests in the Far East threatened. But there would be far more likelihood that these states would leave the new alliance severely to its own devices.

If the government of Japan should remain in moderate hands, *if* it should continue to avoid provoking Russia, *if* China should persist in its disunity, the situation that has been defined in Manchuria by the Japanese protocol would be likely to continue indefinitely without great change. And this is the most probable outlook of all.

It will be noted that, in this estimate of the future course of events in Manchuria, nothing is said about the part that may be played by the Lytton Commission report, or by the interests of the Western nations. The reason is,

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simply, that these things are not likely to play much of a part.

Certainly neither the League, nor the nations in the League, contemplate taking drastic action, military or economic, to enforce the Lytton recommendations or to deal with Japan as a recalcitrant state. It is barely possible that, in accord with the Assembly vote of last March, following the lead laid down by the Hoover Doctrine, a sort of financial embargo against the economic development of Manchuria by the Japanese may be declared. But it is questionable whether this can be maintained for any length of time. Indeed, that well-informed correspondent, Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer, cabled on the day that the protocol was signed at Changchun that Japan was already pushing through a 100,000,000 yen Manchurian development loan in Paris. And there is at least a good possibility that, given a free hand in the exploitation of Manchuria, Japan could maintain herself economically without reference to the financiers of the rest of the world.

When it comes to consideration of the possibility of action for the protection of foreign interests in Manchuria, that possibility, too, can be dismissed. What responsible statesmanship could justify the expenditure of a single life, let alone of the money that would be required, to keep Japan from setting up a commercial monopoly in her new protectorate? It is undoubtedly true that Japan's protestations of devotion to the principle of the Open Door will prove, in practice, a transparent joke. But what is to be done about that? Look at the question from the standpoint of the United States, just to make it concrete.

It is frequently asserted that American interests in the Far East require the preservation of the Open Door in China, and that the United States is therefore justified in going to any lengths of action if and when the principle laid down by John Hay is threatened. Let it be admitted without argument that precedent is altogether in this direction. Let it likewise be admitted that it would be a fortunate outcome, from the standpoint of American commerce and probably from that of international commerce in general, if the Open Door were kept open. Manchuria, the United States insists, is a part of China. So far as the door can be kept open there by clearly pacific means — that is, within the limitations of the Kellogg Pact — there is no reason for halting further pursuit of traditional American policy.

But suppose the door is banged shut. What then? What possible interest of the United States would justify resort to war, or even to a policy which involved the danger of war, in order to maintain the Open Door? Even if the Japanese occupation of Manchuria should prove but a prelude to Japanese aggression in other parts of China, so that American interests on a much larger scale were threatened, what justification would there be for use of the fleet which is now concentrated in Pacific waters? Loss of the China market, or a war between the various Far Eastern antagonists, might cause some discomfort in financial and commercial circles. It not only might; it would. The break-up of China by the action of some aggressive nation or group of nations might produce a disturbance in the political world that would be distasteful to American sensibilities. But no eventuality in either of these directions could possibly be worth the expenditure of an American life, just as no end that could be gained through resort to war could possibly justify itself on the nation's economic balance sheet.

Whatever, therefore, the outcome of the present adventure which has led Japan into Manchuria, it is high time that the American people, as a whole, were learning to look at the situation with sufficient detachment to understand that nothing that can happen there can justify involvement in war. The statement can be made without qualification — *nothing!* Whether Japan, Russia, and China can work out their relations in and about this disputed territory without conflict cannot be foreseen, although the chances are better than some alarmists would admit. But even if they do not, a future outbreak of hostilities on the Manchurian plains should never be permitted to involve this nation. In the unstable equilibrium of Asia it is probably too much to hope that events will not take place calculated to exasperate the feelings and adversely affect the finances of the American people. But nothing that may happen over there will justify America in taking up or threatening arms.

Next Month — "The Big Brother Complex," by Philip Guedalla.

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In Our Stars

The World Fifty Years from Now

by **IRWIN EDMAN**

I

It is presumptuous in any era to be a prophet. But it could never have been more tempting than now when even the comatose and the secure (the two are often identical) feel the world undergoing a thoroughgoing transformation under their very eyes. One is not really tempted to predict what will happen a hundred years from now — that era will necessarily be too unimaginably different from the present to make such speculations profitable or convincing. If one is to imagine that far ahead one might as well frankly build a Utopia. Fifty years is about the proper range for prophecy if one is to indulge in that pastime at all. Barring unforeseen catastrophes or even foreseen ones such as internecine warfare the world fifty years from now is likely to exhibit tendencies already afoot. One has the logical right to believe that movements now dominant in industry, education, science, and social customs will not be altogether disconnected from those to come within half a century. Different as the Victorian period was from our own, it is easy now to read our present situation in the light of that recoverable past. The war had its clear origins in nineteenth century imperialism, the regimentation of modern life in mechanical industry and urban growth, the present adventures in the arts their precedents in nineteenth century poetry and painting and music.

It may, of course, be possible, even probable, that one altogether misreads even the present. Causes, movements, and growths that read in big letters at the moment may seem miniscular eventually in comparison with those at present neglected and obscure. We are but the immediate children of our time and our judgment is clouded by childish passions. But our speculations might have an interest melancholy or amusing to that brilliant young historian, yet unborn, whose works some readers of this article may still be alive to read.

One must take one's chances. One can predict the movement of the stars only in the light of the available astronomical data, forecast the cosmic weather only in the light of what seem to be prevailing winds and movements of the clouds. It is educative to try to read those indications uninfluenced by wishes or one's accidental point of observation. But I realize that in trying to frame a guess as to the character of "civilization" fifty years from now, I shall have America in the forefront of my consciousness; my forecast will further be prejudiced by the fact that I am an intellectual by profession and by impulse a lover of the arts.

II

Without further apology, then, to turn to prognosis. There seem to me three tendencies or sets of symptoms on which any prognosis of life fifty years from now will have to be based. The first is an increasing tendency toward socialization in industry, education, and personal relations. The second is the dominance of a machine technique and of scientific method. The third is the breakdown of the traditional capitalist economy. I recognize these movements in some of their details with something like apprehension, though on the whole I think they augur well. But well or ill, I think they are the influences central and emphatic of our day, and that out of these roots the future will grow. Unless I miss my guess completely, American life fifty years from now will be largely these movements come to fruition. It is these three social hypotheses I am making, and making them, I shall omit to say I expect such and such *may*

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happen and simply for the most part throughout this article, say such and such *will* happen. The reader will please to have the wisdom not to take my assertions too categorically and not to mistake brevity for dogma. I shall give as much argument for my predictions as there is room for. Except in Germany, an essay is not a two-volume book.

My first prediction is a negative one. I cannot share that belief in an imminent and absolute Communism now so popular among intellectuals in this country. I cannot see that there is a very likely prospect of an American civilization fifty years from now that will be modeled on Russian lines or be the philosophy of Karl Marx and Lenin realized on American soil. Long before that and much more likely, for better or worse, we shall have some form of highly concentrated industrial dictatorship and political fascism. I think even that would be temporary and over before the fifty-year period specified. I cannot speak with authority on this point and I do not see how even the authorities can. But it requires, I think, only a layman's reasonably alert perception of what is going on about him to foresee an increasing socialization first and basically of industry and not less of education, human relations, religion, perhaps under another name, and art. The days of rugged individualism are numbered, if indeed they are not already over. Thoreau and Emerson will seem even more remote and irrelevant then than they do to-day.

First as to matters obvious and external: It will seem absurd to hear old men tell of the days when men traveled on private railways, telephoned from commercially profitable telephones, bought coal and iron from private operators, deposited money in private banks, lived or lived principally upon privately gained or inherited private profits. I leave it to the economists to document or refute this prophecy. I know that not the least gifted among them would do the former. Fifty years from now there will have been so complete a socialization of industry, so thorough a restriction of individual profit and private production that the picture of our helter-skelter, devil-take-the-hindmost economy will be almost unrecoverable.

Everyone must center his attempt at prophecy upon those materials among which his imagination is most at home. I take the socialization of industry as an axiom and a point of departure. I shall rather choose to emphasize the fact that such a modification could not take place without deeply affecting the individual's life and character and his ideals of life and character as well. It is a common sentimentalism of the moralists to talk about character and the virtues atomically, as if the soul did not take its lineaments from the society in which it lived. One needs but the example of fifteen years of the Russian experiment to see how much the individual is what he is by virtue of the education and social pattern to which he is exposed. Personal ideals in a society economically committed to socialized consumption, management, and production will not be the same as in our present industrially anarchic commonwealths.

There are, it is true, certain elements of human nature that may be expected to remain recognizably the same. The subtle and specific alchemy of love and hate will operate as hitherto; lust and ambition will not have disappeared; sympathy and tenderness, pugnacity and jealousy, sensitiveness to praise and blame will still be present. But while human nature will remain, broadly speaking, the same, the elements in it most frequently and easily aroused will be different. The conservative, arguing for — or from — the changelessness of human nature, sees in acquisitiveness, for instance, an eternal trait of human character, and in economic competitiveness an eternal element of the human scene. But — one is here repeating Aristotle two thousand years late — moral ideas and practices are largely matters of habit, habits are influenced by current standards of praise and blame. The way in which human nature expresses itself is largely dependent on the social occasions and incitements present. Our economic individualism has not provided provocations to the more genial and co-operative virtues. The social scene has not been engaging or absorbing enough to prevent individuals from conceiving their own happiness (and seeking it) in fulfillments that separated them from their fellows. Even romantic love (see Browning's "Love among the Ruins") has partly conceived itself as the mutual dedication of two as over against the world. The family circle has been a snug little retreat of mutual help from the outrageous indifference or malignity

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of strangers. Wealth has been conceived of in terms of personal aggrandizement and personal security; work has been for financial reward or for personal display.

I do not for a moment think that in fifty years the elements of individual happiness — or unhappiness — will have disappeared. It would be very odd if even under a complete Communism men and women ceased to fall in love with each other or if in no case a love endured for a lifetime. The enjoyment of ownership of intimate belongings will still be present, and the pride in individual craft or creation, other motives having grown less, will be stronger than ever. Parents will still care for their own children more than for those of others, and children feel closer to their own parents. But I strongly suspect, as well as in this instance hope, that the economic motives will have disappeared as the chief incentive to activity. I do not set this down out of any expectation of some miraculous "improvement" in human nature. The self will assert and express itself in other ways than economic, first because it will have to, and second because wealth, as in Russia, will have ceased to be a badge of distinction. The graduated income tax will have practically abolished major differences in wealth, and heavy, perhaps omnivorous inheritance taxes will have made the motives of massing riches to hand down to one's children inoperative. Distinction will, of course, still be sought and be possible, but not in the way of financial display.

Along with economic ambition I suspect economic fear will have been removed, for governmental unemployment, sickness, and old age insurance will then be as commonplace a public matter as is the postoffice to-day. With the removal of pecuniary ambition and fear, the society of fifty years from now will have removed many sources of public unrest and private neurosis. The fantastic luxury of the wealthier classes will be gone along with the slums and the macabre poverty of the industrial and mining areas. The noisy congestion of vast metropolitan cities will have given way to regional planning and gardened cities. The flight of the factories from the towns is already beginning and there is already some evidence (with the saturation point of markets and consumption reached) that there may even be a flight from the factory. Skyscrapers (but relatively few) will remain as monuments, striking and unbelievable, of a period that thought in terms of endless physical activity and perpetual material boom.

In that partly de-urbanized world, health both physical and psychical will be considerably better. The life span will have lengthened, partly because the strain and pressure of a competitive society and the manic depressive succession of booms and depressions will have been reduced or altogether obviated. Even cautious research experts think it not beyond the bounds of credibility that the ravages of cancer may be as rare as those of leprosy, and that old age will come later and be less uncomfortable than it is to-day. The typical old age diseases may not be abolished, but their pains may be reducible. Where the decay of the faculties or actual physical pain is unendurable, as also in the case of remaining incurable diseases, painless medical extinction may be as common and approved as anesthetics are to-day. We will be less careless about destroying life through war and speed, less sentimental about preserving it where it is worse than death. The campaign against infant mortality and death in childbirth is already so far along that within half a century it may be negligible. The fight for birth control will so long ago have been won that it will be hard to realize it had to be fought for at all in our day.

Granted the betterment in physical health, which present progress in medicine indicates, psychical well-being will have enormously improved. But better general physical health will not be the only reason. There will be social reasons as well. The technique of psychiatry will be as much advanced over that of our day as the psychiatry of the present is advanced over that of Mesmer or Charcot. Psychoanalysis will be looked back upon as one of the beginnings, brilliant, crude, and a little absurd, of the most beneficent of sciences, a curious cross between magic and science. But preventive psychiatry will be more important than the curative branch, and the need for both prevention and cure will be less. The mental diseases born out of empty wealthy leisure will be impossible any longer, assuming always a highly socialized control of work as well as of wealth.

The neuroses and breakdown born of sexual

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maladjustment will be greatly reduced, partly because of the passing of now persisting tabus and the breakdown of the legally tight family relationships of the present. That there will be some sexual maladjustment and always a certain proportion of sexual abnormality I have no question. But such sexual maladjustment and perversion as are due to flight, to fear, to the desire for hysterical release from monotony, strain, or insecurity in economic life, will be no longer widely current. I foresee, of course, not the abolition of sex, but the obsessional concern with and discussion of it. Sexual relations will take their place as part of the natural order of experience. They will not be matters about which to become either frantic or distracted. We will, perhaps, have learned within fifty years to be about as sensible with respect to these things as the Scandinavians or the French in different ways are to-day. I have nothing but an intuition (though a strong one) for warrant in believing that sex will have become much less a theme for either poetry or analysis. Much of the romanticism and all of the hypochondria on the subject will be over.

At present an exploiting economy fathers crime upon poverty. There will be no more such children of such a union. Just as sexual abnormality, so, of course, social abnormality will persist in small measure. There will be institutions to deal with such isolated cases for their segregation and possible cure. One of these institutions will be located where Sing Sing Prison now is. But it will have and deserve a new name to rid it of its past sinister associations. Sterilization of the unfit, by that time fairly general, will also contribute to the reduction of candidates for cure in public psychiatric hospitals.

III

To turn now to education, on the probable character of which this picture of the society of fifty years from now ultimately depends. Education will have changed, but along lines already familiar to us. The total panorama of formal schooling will look very different, however, and parts of the American educational scene as we now know it will have vanished entirely. There will be no such thing as a private school, college, or university; there will be no private educational foundations. The funds taken over from those institutions by the state will not be the only instances of what we should at present be tempted to call expropriation.

The liberal college in its present form will have gone. There will be the elementary schools, the high schools, and the universities, and most of the high schools will be largely technical in character and not based on the present lingering assumption that they are for most students a preparation for college (where most students of high school never go.) There will be a good deal less waste motion in the lower schools and the first years of the university will much less resemble an advanced high school than it does at present. By the time the student arrives on the campus he will be at least as mature and well-informed as the French or German student nineteen or twenty years of age. There will be almost nothing left of present "college life" and a college education will not be a badge of "social" distinction. So-called cultural education will have diminished most in the way of numbers and official energies lavished upon it. University training will be largely technical and professional, and a formal study of the literary and classic traditions will be reserved on the whole to those giving promise of becoming scholars, experts, or creators in those fields. As higher education will be completely at public expense, there will be a greater and more rational ruthlessness in the exclusion of incompetents than some colleges to-day employ in the exclusion of Jews, as careful a search for candidates with distinguished abilities as is now in certain quarters spent on finding the athletically or the "socially" desirable.

I do not mean to predict that the cultural tradition will have disappeared. But the liberal arts curriculum, which for most students of the present generation constitutes a vacuous interruption of their extra-curricular life, will not be considered a general privilege or necessity. It will be open only to those who give special evidence of equipment for it and the possibility of turning such studies to social utility in the way of technical scholarship or creative production. I cannot imagine that a socialized state will keep youths from growing into men by endowing them to remain for four years "college boys." The "gentleman's college" will no longer exist.

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But in the lower schools and in general popular education (including the press and radio) cultural interests, both contemporary and traditional, will be much more widespread than they are to-day. Adult education, now a novelty, will be a salubrious commonplace. Denmark, with its folk high schools all over the country, is a forecast of what our own future may be in this respect. All this is not by way of saying that the whole nation will be composed of artists and scientists. By definition the creative mind in any epoch must be very rare. But music, for example, will have become much more a familiar part of the life of the average man, and with drama, especially through perfected television, made more widely available for all, so will dramatic literature. Since literature will not any longer be the plaything of æsthetes or the merchandise of professionals, it will be more expressive of common human interests and will not be divided between commercialized vulgarity on the one hand and highbrow irrelevance on the other.

For life — and this is to me the most probable and most arresting feature of the period under consideration — will have become not simply superficially but in its deep-cutting effects upon human nature, profoundly communal. The family as we now know it will not completely have disappeared, though facility of divorce and the abandonment of the still prevailing fears and tabus will have rendered it a much less rigid, much less frequently lifelong unit. Family life will be much less that of a cautious and conservative clan, held together as much by habit and by fear as by affection. Common nurseries for children and common dining rooms for their parents will be a familiar part of the social organization. Children will be closer to their parents, parents to their own children than to strangers, but there will be much less a sense of strangeness about other people's parents and other people's children. From early childhood and throughout the daily contacts of life the difference in psychological quality between private and public interest will seem much less impressive than it is to-day. At present private interests and relationships seem warm, close, and real, like being in love. Public interests have about them something abstract and remote. Save those concerned in huge industrial or political enterprises, public interests always have about them something abstract and remote. Compare a friend, a house, a swim, or a concert with Power Control or the Future of Mankind. Fifty years from now we will have given through the ubiquity and comprehensiveness of our communal life a meaning to the New Testament teaching that all men are brothers. Where all living will be so much a matter of common sharing, social life will have begun to be touched by that poignancy and cutting edge that now attaches to only the most intimate of human relationships. Through the repeated teaching enforced by the details of daily experience, a constant sense of the common adventure of mankind will have become a fact, not a feeling.

IV

Just as there are certain dominant tendencies of growth and prospective fruition in our society, so there are certain notable evidences of decay and imminent death, which any prognosis must take into account. Among these most observers would count religion, especially in its present institutional forms. There are those who believe that not only the institutions but the impulses and ideologies of religion will have disappeared. They point to the fact that in Russia, among a people notably mystical and up to the recent past egregiously superstitious, there has grown up a whole generation to whom the ideas of God and immortality, the institutions of priest and church, are not only fantastic but pernicious. One need not go as far in time or in social situation as Russia. There is certainly plenty of evidence in the waning attendance upon churches as well as in the shifts and evasions toward which professional apologists resort, that religion, both in its ideas and institutional forms, is disappearing. The churches and the traditional Hebrew-Christian ideology, as we now know them, are doomed, I think, and within fifty years, to extinction. That has, I know, been said before this in history. But Hebrew-Christian ideas and institutions were never before economically as well as psychologically so irrelevant. But I am inclined strongly to question the death of those impulses of aspiration and adoration which were the origins of religions and lend such vitality to dying religions as they still possess for a few of their communicants. The religious impulse will find other

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modes of expression, principally, I think, in a socialized art. There will be "Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things." There will be, as always, the need of expression; there will be the new emotions of human solidarity, the eternal emotions of human hope and human tragedy to express. More than ever there will be the need to utter those crises and crescendi of experience together. There will be poets and prophets in that society, too, and symbols and saints and legends expressive of what will then genuinely animate mankind. They will take the place of the forms and mummeries of a religion no longer believed in. Just what visions and what rituals will celebrate the aspirations of that more just, generous, and ordered society, I am not prepared even to suggest. One may undertake to play at social astrology, not at religious genius. But there is no reason to believe that St. Francis is the last religious genius of all time, or that saints and prophets will not be born when the present capitalist economy has passed away.

I have sketched in outline the kind of world I think may be expected fifty years from now. I have not had space to go into detail, though in many cases I think one might even plausibly do that. The world I have sketched is not in all respects one I should choose to live in, for I suspect solitude and contemplation would be at a discount in it and, child of my age, I should miss its genialities and forget its cruelties. But it would be, I am convinced, a society less tragic in its incidence than the present one and the probability of its being what I have set down seems to me to lend a perspective of hope to the present troubled era.

Give Us A Demagogue

by **MILTON S. MAYER**

ONE of the features of the 1932 Presidential campaign (there aren't many) has been the futile plea of the American people for a leader. While the Republicans whisper that Roosevelt is lame at the bottom and the Democrats hint that Hoover is lame at the top, the still, small voice of the electorate cries out for a demagogue — a roaring, snorting, fighting demagogue, and in vain.

It was none of your skulking demagogues, like Juggler Jack Garner, that the people wanted. The times are crucial, the nation is disgruntled and disordered: a Jackson was needed, or a Bryan, or a Teddy Roosevelt. Where was there lurking a champion of the great, dumb herd? Some shining knight in the glorious armor of the ancient spell-binders could have snatched the Presidency from the demoralized major parties, as Jackson snatched it in 1828 and Lincoln in 1860. And wouldn't the voters have swarmed to his standard? Who wouldn't have jumped at the opportunity to elect some rougher, tougher, some lovelier, livelier character than Faltering Franklin or Herbert ("Don't Swap Horses") Hoover? Who wouldn't have given his kingdom for a war-horse?

The present dolorous epoch will always be remembered as the first time that history failed to repeat itself. Every past depression gave us a fire-eater, a politician who, right or wrong,

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was the seer and saint of millions. 1819 found sanctuary in Henry Clay, 1837 in John C. Calhoun, 1857 in Abraham Lincoln, 1873 in Samuel J. Tilden, 1893 in William Jennings Bryan. To whom were the wretched people to turn in October, 1929? To whom, three whole years later? England, France, Germany, or Italy could ship us half a dozen A-No.I demagogues and never miss them. The dearth of leaders in the United States is almost as harrowing as the profusion of them in Europe.

Andrew Jackson, the daddy of them all, exercised his characteristic despotism when he created the political convention for the purpose of installing his yes-man Van Buren in the Vice-Presidency, and the insidious institution has persevered and with almost uniform success prevented the accession of any great leader to the White House. Lincoln was nominated because he was expected to be putty for the bosses, Bryan because the Democrats in 1896 were without a rubber-stamp candidate who could have attracted any attention at all; Roosevelt, before the assassination of McKinley put him on the throne, would never have been "trusted" by any convention, and Wilson's nomination was engineered with the same assurance as Lincoln's.

Thurlow Weed, the longest-lived and the shrewdest of all our political manipulators, brought Jackson's policy to its full flower when he contrived the great 1840 election, in which the Whig leaders — such men as Clay and Webster — were ignored for a simple-minded old soldier and an unknown member of the opposing party, who were tied together, labeled "Whig ticket," and thrown to the voters on the profound platform of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." This immortal antic was intended not only to keep the greatest men in public life out of public office but also, with the elimination of a platform, to reduce the party's obligations to the people to a point where the whole Federal Government might be manned by a crowd of stuffed shirts while the bosses ladled away the swag.

The Jackson & Weed super-suppression machine has never failed to give complete satisfaction — to discover the lowest common denominator in political timber and to elevate men who can be "trusted" with the Presidency. So Clay and Calhoun were locked out; so Webster, Seward, Sumner, Stanton, Douglas, Davis, Stephens, Chase, Wade, Houston, Cass, Morton, Conkling, Blaine. Every one of them a great demagogue, and therefore eminently qualified for the Presidency of a republic whose salvation has always been found in demagogy, every one of them better fitted, in his prime, than the flunkies who got the job — Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and, more modernly, another Harrison, McKinley, Taft, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover. Only Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Andy Johnson by a hair, were men of power — great demagogues. The rest were a procession of humble, useful dummies — stage props; no worse than any procession of Caesars, Hapsburgs, Tudors, Bourbons, or Romanoffs, it is true — but no better.

The Peepul's Choice

"Great demagogue" is not, as I construct it, a term of opprobrium, but, contrarily, the highest distinction that history can award any man who seeks the approval of a majority of the one hundred million or so citizens of the United States. No democratic government has been so sublimely devised, at this writing, as to place its fate in the hands of leaders whose interests are other than political. When we vaunt the people as our highest tribunal, it behooves us to recognize the caliber of that tribunal. By virtue of its application to the Snells and Garners who sprawl all over our government, the word demagogue has come to low estate. In ancient days, so the dictionary wistfully recalls, it meant "a leader of the people." To-day it inevitably designates a man who "leads the people by pandering to their passions and prejudices" (*vide*, again, the dictionary). The people being what they are, is it anything short of fair to inquire what else there is to pander to besides their passions and prejudices? As long as our system (and I do not perceive or propose a better one) guarantees one vote to each adult who is not a dynamiter or an idiot, demagogy is essential; it is the stockbroker for democracy.

No other nation has a proletariat so various in environment and tradition. Under this condition, a suitor for leadership must be all things to all men. He must be Honest John to the farmers and Slippery Sam to the city guys. He must be the eager friend of the rich and the

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poor, the employer and the employee, the lender and the borrower, the Negro and the white, the Jew and the Christian, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Teuton and the Slav, the French and the German, the German and the English, the English and the Irish — he must pander, nothing less, to a thousand inbred and ineradicable hates.

On his ability to cajole the greatest number of people the success of the political leader depends. The success of the government depends on something else — the intentions of the political leader. There is no holier creature of clay than the benign demagogue, he who deceives and dissimulates, as all vote-catchers must, only to win the power to build and repair. The malicious demagogue, who deceives and dissimulates only to win the power to plunder and wreck, alone is wicked, as is, for that matter, the malicious philanthropist, the malicious missionary, and the malicious Salvation Army captain. It is these two types of leaders — benign and malicious — that we have christened statesmen. The political hams so abundant in the present era are called demagogues erroneously; they are unworthy of the designation.

It is bad reasoning to maintain that the demagogue is necessarily a witting deceiver of the people. No baser a deceiver of the people ever lived than W. J. Bryan, yet the man himself was neither base nor deceitful. He was ignorant all his life, and wrong most of it, but he believed with his whole soul that the rich were vicious because they were rich, that the poor were wise because they were poor, that the farmer was intelligent because he was a farmer, that the laborer was honest because he was a laborer, and he believed, as fervently as he believed in his God, in silver, in government ownership of railroads, in suicidal adjustment of the tariff, in the prohibition of liquor, in the illegitimacy of the monkey. He was magnificently honorable, but he deceived six and a half million voters by roaring at the defenders of our still surviving monetary system, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" He loved his country as few men do, but he did not hesitate to strike a new low in demagogy when he arose in the Democratic convention of 1912 and moved against the "nomination of any candidate for President who is the representative of or under obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-hunting and favor-seeking class."

Demagogy like Bryan's is the only hope of the nobler class of politicians against the combined forces of the chumps and the wreckers in political arenas. Thus we see Bryan saving the nation from Champ Clark and, more latterly, Al Smith saving it from the Anti-Saloon League. History would not read as it does had a Nathaniel Hawthorne led the fight for Wilson in 1912 or a James Russell Lowell replaced Al Smith in 1932. In war, too, the demagogue must save the nation. Without the phrase-mongering of Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson, it is exceedingly doubtful that the plodding, peace-loving millions would have been willing to grab a musket and run yelling into the cannon's mouth because their political sovereignty was in danger.

What Makes a Demagogue?

The great demagogue, as I see him, must be a virtuoso of showmanship. He must espouse causes violently or not at all. He may straddle issues, as Douglas did slavery, Roosevelt prohibition, and Wilson neutrality, and he may drop issues that have lost their appeal, as Jackson did the Bank, Bryan government ownership, and Roosevelt Bull Moosism — but he must not be caught straddling or dropping them. He must not evoke certain of the traditional, fanatical hatreds, like race or religion. He must have great physical strength —Wilson alone lacked it and it cost him his leadership — for the people want to see him, and they want to see him fight. He must be an evangelist, always crying a cause before the little fellows are willing to cry it, risking his political life every day, courting zealous friends and tantalizing zealous enemies, dreading only indifference and the sanctity of oblivion. He must have a nickname for the millions who lavish nicknames on those they love, like "Old Hickory," "Little Giant," "Honest Abe," "Plumed Knight," "Great Commoner," "Teddy," and "Al." He must be calculating enough to appear impulsive, and canny enough to have bold, belligerent explanations for the quick changes he is forced to make to catch the tide. When he is winning he must be able to "take it," to meet every attack — like Jefferson, Jackson, Webster, and Roosevelt — with

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a laugh and a challenge. When he is licked, he must go sour, unsportsmanlike as it is in any other field, to show his followers that he will not abandon his sacred trust to have traffic with the victors, as did Clay, Conkling, Blaine, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Smith.

These are all the ingredients of a showman. All of them were apotheosized by Theodore Roosevelt. In 1904 Roosevelt said, "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." In 1912 he was more of a mob candidate than Jackson had ever been, more of an evangelist than Bryan had ever been, crying a great, aggrieved cause, classing himself with Lincoln, falsely discrediting his opponent, roaring with laughter at the charges leveled against him, driving his audiences wild, taking to his bosom the "malefactors of great wealth" — Perkins, Munsey, Pinchot, Flynn — on whose well-barbered necks he had climbed to earlier glory.

Above all he had the courage, emotional and physical, that the current aspirants to demagogy lack so lamentably. The epochal incident in Milwaukee, when he was shot on his way to make a speech, must serve forever as the flawless model for those who want votes. Bleeding gracefully, he cried, "I will make that speech or die," and then, behind the scenes — demagogue of demagogues — "This is my great chance."

No politician has ever scorned slogans — the demagogue's most telling weapon. Jefferson's enemies might accuse him of "dreaming of liberty in the arms of a slave," but who would remember that when the father of Democracy thundered, "All men are created equal"? "Hurrah for Jackson" refuted every accusation against the redoubtable Indian-killer. The Whigs rolled in in 1840 on the strength of their enemies' charge that General Harrison was born in a log cabin and drank hard cider. Lincoln did not hesitate to trot out Jefferson's war-cry and swear by it, although it was a fallacy that no thinker had ever, or has to this day, defended. Bryan set up a bellow of "16–to–1" that shook the nation in 1896.

Wilson was the last genius of the slogan. His "he kept us out of war," "the war to end war," and, when the Romanoffs had conveniently retired from the Allied cause, his "make the world safe for democracy" prove beyond cavil that the man whom no one ever called "Woody" had the mind of a great demagogue, even if he lacked the luster. Roosevelt's "square deal" had all the vigor and novelty that are missing from the present Dutch master's "new deal." His "big stick" bespoke the man as clearly as "cross of gold" bespoke Bryan and "rugged individualism" belied Hoover. Franklin Roosevelt's "forgotten man" is so cloudy and inept that it is as ineffective as his opponent's gem in words of six syllables.

The phrase-makers have disappeared, a sure sign of decline of political leaders. It is not necessary here, with the qualifications for a great demagogue laid out, to discuss the degree to which our present public figures are found wanting. All we have to do is run through the list. Meditate, and shudder, on McAdoo and Mellon, on Smoot, Dickinson, Fess, Brookhart, Murray. Could the best of our political leaders drive men wild? Only Smith, and he violates, by his birth and his background, the canon against evoking the fanatical hatreds. Norris, Borah, Bingham, Walsh, Ritchie, Baker — all lack the warmth. Hiram Johnson might have been the White Hope, but he suffered an attack of Senate poisoning from which, as the nation knows, he never recovered. Just fancy Moses (Rep., N. H.) leading us out of bondage, or that genteel son of the proud old South, Colonel Huey P. Long. Hurley and Mills died, and both so young, of exhaustion superinduced by the task of fitting the entire electorate with rose-colored glasses. There is promise, but just promise, in young Senator La Follette; he springs from auspicious seed.

The United States Senate, at the present time, is about as unproductive of leaders as the House of Representatives is expected to be. The House is a collection of stumble-bums such as once mauled each other and yelled "Washington," "Jefferson," and "Lincoln," in the halls of our state legislatures. The governors are the same genial toadies as they were intended to be when the Republic was founded. The state legislatures are down to the princely level of ward-heelers. As for the two illustrious candidates for the Presidency, each with his great warm heart, each with his fiery magnetism, each idolized by ardent millions — we can best borrow Bob Ingersoll's moldering words: "Each party would gladly defeat its own man if it would not thus elect the other fellow."

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The National Deficit

by **MARK S. WATSON**

POSSIBLY the most arresting way to describe the result of our last two years' federal deficits is to point out that together they represent slightly more than the whole amount of the sinking-fund deposits, for the reduction of our national debt, which we have been patiently setting aside since the war. The fruit of the hard toil we have put into that gallant effort for over a decade we now have thrown away in two reckless years.

The sinking-fund, to be sure, provided only a part of our post-war debt reduction program, the part which had been definitely fixed by legislative enactment. Further reduction was effected by receipts from foreign governments (while those governments were making payments), by the annual surplus of governmental receipts over governmental expenditures (a surplus which vanished two years ago), by reduction of the over-large general fund in the treasury (no longer over-large), by profits from Federal Reserve Banks, *etc.* Only a part to be sure, yet the sinking-fund alone amounted to one-third of the total reduction in our debt effected in the Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover administrations. And that third is now gone, thanks to hard times' cutting our federal income and our prodigal government's continuing to toss money out the window in hard times as well as in good.

Gross debt, August 31, 1919....	$26,596,000,000
Gross debt, June 30, 1930.....	16,185,000,000
A reduction in one decade of....	$10,411,000,000

It was a really fine feat, possible through the prosperity of that decade and the resultant heavy inflow of governmental receipts. Of the total reduction 34 per cent came from sinking fund, 16 per cent from foreign governments, 37 per cent from annual surpluses, and 13 per cent from general fund reduction and miscellaneous sources. In a decade we had not only cut the gross debt nearly 40 per cent but by refinancing had cut the interest charges on several of the remaining bond issues. It was an inspiring demonstration of a national desire to get rid of debt as rapidly as possible.

But at the end of that decade national industry had slowed down, and profits with it. When a nation has been counting on the individual and corporation income tax (a comparatively new source of revenue) for two-thirds of its total revenues, as was the case in this country in 1930 — and incomes are suddenly deflated, the effect upon the nation's revenues is sudden and disastrous. In that one year our receipts dropped so sharply that the old time annual surplus, which had soared above $600,000,000 in late years and close to $200,000,000 only the year before, vanished totally. Instead, we encountered a $600,000,000 deficit. No more was there an annual surplus to apply to debt reduction. On the contrary, it was necessary to borrow to meet the deficit, and the debt which had been dropping steadily since the war now rose anew. In the year just ended receipts fell far more sharply, while expenditures blithely approved by a singularly reckless Congress sailed right along. The resultant deficit was instantly transferred to the national debt. The Treasury statement of June 30, 1932 put it at $19,487,000,000. This is $3,300,000,000 up in two years.

Moreover, only the most fatuous of politicians pretends to doubt that the present fiscal year's operations will present us next June with still another increase in that debt. Congress did not balance the budget, for all the public demand that it do so, and all the pretense that the demand had been met. It is not balanced by several hundred millions. And because the budget is not balanced the new deficit is to be added to the debt, upon which we must pay proportionately more interest, thus increasing the difficulty of balancing the budget the next year. And so on, until we stop

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our trifling, slow down our prodigal government, and make Congress cut expenditures to fit revenues as does any sensible business and any sensible individual. For Congress (and too often the White House as well) are prodigal only because the voting public is tolerant of prodigality. A people generally deserves exactly the form of government it has, reluctant as we may be to admit that we merit nothing better than what we have at Washington or in our city halls.

What many of us seem to forget is that the 1931 deficit was occasioned by the circumstance that we had to pay $611,000,000 in interest on the national debt. Without that, there would have been no deficit that year. And of our 1932 deficit no less than $1,100,000,000 was occasioned by the need of paying interest and retiring a part of the principal (a mere shuffling of funds, this latter of course, as a new debt this year was necessarily created in retiring the old one). And in the current fiscal year we will be paying something like $1,200,000,000 due to the existence of the debt. That is not only more than our total national debt in 1916, but it is very much more than our total annual expenditures of government a few years before the war. In brief, what we used to pay in taxes to satisfy the entire needs of the Federal Government we are now called upon to pay each year for the service of the debt alone — that is, for past expenditures — before we have contributed a single cent to the ordinary current operations of our government. We now understand, perhaps, what was meant by the promise that the sins of the fathers would be visited upon the third and fourth generation.

The History of Our Debts

As a nation we are in the precise position of a man who, inheriting a cruel debt, spends ten years working furiously to pay it off and then, with the debt 40 per cent cleared, goes crazy and starts accumulating a brand new debt. Manifestly, if he wants to get rid of interest charges, he should buckle down, keep his outgo within his income, and when income again rises seize the opportunity to whittle away that debt once more. It would seem that a nation could profitably imitate the individual.

It has been done before and presumably can be done again. The infant United States inherited from the earlier Congress what was for that day a staggering debt. In Washington's administration it amounted to $75,000,000. Income was small and it was possible to reduce it only gradually, so that it was barely a third down when the War of 1812 brought new expenditures — almost ludicrously small in contrast with 1917–8, yet enough to bring the debt up to $127,000,000. This was whittled away bit by bit through the day of Monroe and John Quincy Adams, and then under Jackson was sheared away in such tremendous bites that by 1836 we not only had paid off every bond as it came due but had gone into the market and paid a premium in order to retire the bonds not yet due. We were free of debt!

The explanation is a simple one. That was an era of land booms, and into the Treasury there was a steady flow of the profits from the sales of public lands. It is diverting, if envy-rousing, to note that the money *kept* coming in on the wave of that boom. It came so fast that some of the surplus was divided among the states. Still it came, and as that was a period of sentiment for tariff-for-revenue-only there was a vigorous effort to cut the tariff and thus reduce the increasing wealth to which a true Jacksonian was constitutionally opposed. But the protectionists successfully opposed any cut in tariff, and in order to get rid of the surplus the government had to increase the allotments of moneys to Army and Navy! Those were happy days for a cabinet member.

Then on the heels of good times came the panic of 1837. The land boom was deflated overnight, and the depression arrived. During five of the next six years we had a deficit. Up went the nation's borrowings — to $3,000,000 in 1838 and $10,000,000 in 1839, down again, then up, and up again with the 1857 panic and the Civil War — eight straight years of deficits. When the Civil War was over we owed $2,750,000,000. To a war-broken country with a population of only 37,000,000 and a federal income of only $400,000,000 or so, this must have seemed as staggering as our $26,000,000,000 debt looked to us thirteen years ago.

Yet the deficits ended, and immediately the country began grappling with that huge debt. At the rate of almost $100,000,000 a year, thanks to a return of those blessed annual surpluses, the debt was whittled down to $1,000,000,000 in 1891. Indeed, in our eagerness to wash it away altogether we again put

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up a premium in order to buy up bonds before their maturity and get them canceled.

Meantime the opportunity was too much for pork-barrel politicians to resist. With money rolling in, the Congress had become open-handed again. In a dozen years Civil War pensions were hoisted from $50,000,000 to $160,000,000, rivers and harbors were discovered as a fine place to drop money, and other expenditures soared until the inevitable happened. With the depression of 1893, revenues again fell sharply below expenditures and again stayed below for six successive years. Happily in that period the debt rose only slightly, despite the Spanish War expense: it did not again exceed $1,200,000,000 until 1916. In 1917 came the deluge, in the form of the Great War. When it was over, as stated, our gross debt had mounted to $26,596,000,000.

It is hardly necessary at this late date to examine the items in detail. Certainly no one examined them much at the time. Whatever seemed likely to aid us in the war we bought or built at peak prices. Our historic hostility to a preparedness program, even when it was pretty apparent that ultimately we would have to go into the war, had prevented us from having not only a trained personnel, but cantonments or storehouses, uniforms or rifles, trucks or guns or airplanes. In the war, we rushed to acquire all these things, at once and in stupendous amounts. True, our artillery used French guns right up to the day of the Armistice, and many another item which was to win the war for us never got to France until the war was over. But if the goods were not delivered, the bills were. We are still paying not only for the munitions we used but for those we wasted — for ships which still lie at anchor waiting for rust to destroy them totally, for supplies which we sold at slaughter prices to get rid of them. We might remember too that not the least aid we gave our allies great and small was financial aid during and after the war. We loaned out $9,800,000,000 altogether. Some $1,600,000,000 in principal and interest came back to lessen our debt, but it takes a great deal of optimism to believe that we will get any more.

We can afford to remember, further, General Hines's estimate that by 1950 we will have spent on our veterans' relief an amount equal to the whole original cost of the war. That is one of the pressing reasons for a profound discouragement over our fiscal future.

We also should remember another painful circumstance — that the bulk of this vast wartime debt was rolled up while dollars were cheap; the dollars we now have to pay it back with are extremely dear: with them we could buy twice as much labor, four times as much grain or cotton, say, but unhappily they will not buy back a single Liberty bond coupon more than they would in 1918. The debtor today is out of luck.

After the War

Now let us consider some of the tax and debt developments which followed the demobilization of the army, the hasty dumping of surplus goods, the futile efforts to get rid of surplus wood and iron ships now gathering rust and barnacles in many an idle anchorage along our coasts, the ill-advised and ill-rewarded effort to make party capital out of wartime extravagance. We found ourselves with the vast debt of $26,596,000,000 and set about reducing it. These were the methods:

1. Fixing an annual sum for sinking fund ($253,400,000) plus the interest which would have had to be paid on bonds thus retired (a growing sum annually).

2. Applying to the debt every cent of principal and interest which the foreign nations paid us on their debts to us.

3. Applying to it the franchise tax on net earnings of Federal Reserve Banks and Federal Intermediate Credit Banks.

4. Allowing foreign governments to pay in Liberty or Victory Bonds if they chose (thus helping to maintain the market price of those securities which had dropped off a good deal) and also allowing the payment of certain estate taxes in government securities as a further stimulus to debt reduction.

5. Devoting to debt retirement the entire annual surplus of governmental income over expenditure. Here too an alert Treasury seized the opportunity, instead of merely setting aside so many dollars, to enter the open market, where United States bonds were selling below par, and buy securities whose face value was greater than the amount spent to retire them.

The sinking fund started to operate on July 1, 1920. Its terms called for setting aside annually thereafter 2½ per cent of the dif-

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ference between our war debt on that date ($19,581,000,000) and the foreign moneys due us then ($9,445,000,000). Two and a half per cent of this difference is roughly $253,400,000. The interest on the actually retired amount in the first year was $2,800,000, but as the sinking fund payments increased the interest figured against it increased, so that whereas the first year's total retirements under the cumulative sinking fund payments (2½ per cent plus interest) were $256,200,000, they kept growing until after ten years $382,000,000 was being paid off annually — a total of $3,181,000,000 by June 30, 1930.

The foreign nations paid us off $73,000,000 in 1921 and varying amounts which ranged as high as $179,000,000 in 1927 and totaled nearly $1,200,000,000 altogether. Last year, under the moratorium, they ceased. There are few persons with any sense who expect them to be resumed, regardless of what we do about the recent Lausanne agreement.

The miscellaneous reductions from Reserve Bank and Intermediate Credit Bank franchise taxes, from gifts, forfeitures, and the like have amounted to only a bit over $200,000,000 in ten years. The other big item has been, then, from these grand and glorious annual surpluses which the government rolled up in the dear dead days before the depression arrived. Even our prodigal Congress could not spend money as fast as it came in, not by $640,000,000 in 1924. In nine years, as mentioned, our surpluses devoted to this purpose amounted to $3,286,100,000. Then, alas, they stopped.

There had been mutterings that we were paying off the debt too fast, that it ought to be left for our children. Mr. Coolidge, occupying the White House most of this time, felt otherwise. His thrifty upbringing, his caution, his moral sense, or whatever it was, made him uneasy about owing money and impatient, even a little baffled, with the idea that anything should be allowed to delay a man's (or a nation's) payment of just debts. Few of his extremely infrequent comments on public or private affairs were more illuminating than his puzzled inquiry over Europe's delay in paying the debt — "they hired the money, didn't they?" Some of us sneered. Most of us chuckled. But the fact remains that one of the few evidences of sound public morals in America's past decade was the evident public belief that Cal was right, that debts ought to be paid, and that *we* ought to pay our own debts as swiftly as possible, whatever Europe would or could do about its own debt to us.

That is one of the few sane points of view we had as a nation. Our aching heads hold memory of our lunacies, our furious spending of money and levying of taxes, national, state, and local, to pay the insistent piper, our wholly mad expansion of banks and factories and merchandising establishments in the confidence (encouraged by the lunatic element of bankers and statesmen) that the post-war business revival would go on and on to undreamed heights and for an indefinite period. Britain did better. Britain enjoyed a post-war business revival and, to be sure, eagerly took advantage of it to repair the injuries of war, to build up financial reserves without which London would have been ruined in the ultimate depression, to accumulate fat during the fat years in order to support the lean years to come. But British banks and factories as a whole did *not* go in for reckless physical expansion and financial distension and maximum employment at maximum wages as did we. And hence when disaster came, grave as it has been for all nations and particularly Britain, certainly it did not daze Britain's government as it dazed ours.

Britain's example, indeed, is one that we can study with profit. There was a recognition last year that unless the British budget could be balanced all confidence in the nation's future would be in jeopardy. Faced with that, the British started to balance their budget, which was then $350,000,000 in the red. They increased taxes and they sheared expenses — even wages of teachers, policemen, soldiers and sailors, along with the other government employees. Actually $390,000,000 was lopped off. Our method, facing a 1931 deficit, was to run up a vastly larger 1932 deficit, and then even before the 1933 fiscal year was started to fail so miserably, through overstatement of expected revenues and refusal to make clearly necessary economies, that it is clear to-day that we are inescapably running head-on into yet another deficit. How large it will be we will know next July. And besides idle-relief bond issues we now solemnly contemplate an $800,000,000 ship canal for traffic which for the most part does not exist!

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Our Still Unbalanced Budget

Why is this so? Why has the United States, for all its boasted adaptability and efficiency, failed so miserably to adjust itself to a new day? Possibly because it is young and has had less bitter experience as a guide. Possibly because Congress in late years, with the tacit approval of our sluggish citizenry, has been taking over so many activities hitherto not regarded as of federal concern that it has become bewildered and is incompetent to handle even the activities which are properly its own — such as balancing its own budget. Possibly because, as averred by many, our public officials are so carelessly elected and watched that noisy incompetents are now in a majority. Possibly because we have developed our machinery so suddenly that we do not know how to use it or how to repair it when it gets out of order.

On this last point it is well to give special heed to our money-raising machinery. The income tax amendment was passed in 1913. In its first year it produced 5 per cent of our federal revenue, 44 per cent coming from customs and 51 per cent from all other sources. In 1930 66 per cent of the total was coming from income tax, 16 from customs, and 17 from all other sources! We were developing the illusion that incomes were an inexhaustible source of revenue — more especially that large incomes were the inexhaustible source, for the great bulk of this flood of money was coming from the corporation tax and the high-bracket individual income tax. Mr. Mills' figures for the individual incomes showed that in 1930 $1,128,000,000 came from 382,000 persons and the remainder, $36,000,000, came from 3,689,000 persons.

How taxes generally were soaring upward, not only at federal demand but at state and local demand, was brought out a few months ago by the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*. In 1913 the total of federal, state, and local taxes throughout the United States was 2194 billions of dollars, which was 6.4 per cent of the 34,000 billions of national income of that year. In the boom year, 1928, national income had soared to 81,000 billions, and taxes much more rapidly to 9315 billions, or 11.5 per cent. Then the depression, and national income for 1931 had shrunk to 52,000 billions of dollars — but taxes still soared to 11,500 billions, or 22.1 per cent. For every dollar of income, last year, we paid 22 cents in taxes. This year in all probability we will be paying several cents more. Manifestly that cannot last. Manifestly for many people and many industries the end is already come. Note in particular that in 1931 the railroads' net income was $89,000,000, their tax bill $308,000,000. This means that despite the most ruthless economies the roads were able, for every dollar they gave the tax collector, to earn only 29 cents for their own shareholders. That sort of business does not bring in the investment money that the roads gravely need. It does not encourage banks to provide the credit without which, obviously, there can be no revival of business.

Where does it stop? It is hard to see how it can stop or even slow up until there is a far fiercer economizing in government. Chicago's bankruptcy is notorious, and Philadelphia's and New York's distress well known. The counties of one of our middle western states have on their hands 1,000,000 acres of farmland on which taxes are unpaid. Nowhere can a conspicuous example in thrift be so effective as at Washington, and so far Washington has refused to afford it, for it is arrant nonsense to pretend that the present administration or the present Congress has balanced the budget.

How can it be balanced? Only by cutting expenses or by finding a new and very large source of new revenue — such as the beer licensing bill which for reasons other than financial Congress refused to press. Expenses can be cut, but the Congress has shown no disposition to go far enough.

The National Economy League, made up of former service men, has boldly demanded radical cuts in veterans' expenditures, pointing to $452,000,000 (out of a total of $928,000,000 in this year's budget) as payments wholly unrelated to line-of-duty deaths and disabilities. Does Congress promise to make that saving? Congress does not.

The national defense budget calls for $690,000,000. The House proposed piddling economies here and there — urging that 2000 army officers, for example, be eliminated by arbitrary elimination of the oldest men in each grade (a measure which applied a few years ago would have eliminated from the army Pershing,

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Harbord, Summerall, Liggett, March, Bullard, Crowder, the seven chief American soldiers of the World War!) instead of instructing the Army to get rid of its poorest officers. There was strong defense of the Army transport service which, to be sure, transports soldiers now and then — but which also transports Congressmen on joy rides at a ludicrously small cost. Does Congress determinedly set about sensible economies in these departments? Hardly.

We give special aids to agriculture ($73,000,000), aids to trade and industry ($15,000,000), to aviation ($29,000,000), to labor ($7,000,000), to shipping ($103,000,000). These are reduced from 1932, to be sure, but will Congress cut them further? Not unless the individual Congressman is made to demand cuts.

For years Mr. Hoover has pointed out duplications of service by existing bureaus, and called for consolidations. Mr. Taft started it twenty years ago, but without success. A cautious step was made in this year's so-called "economy bill," but it is only a step, calling for a Presidential plan and, after that, Congressional consideration.

We even were asked to spend $25,000,000 more than in 1929 to provide law enforcement. Here there was a small cut. The rising hostility to the dry laws, however, became so apparent at both party conventions that we can reasonable hope for sharper economies in this outlay in the future.

Yet unless economies are made all down the line — not the $200,000,000 in departmental economies that Congress grudgingly agreed on, but the $400,000,000 that the President demanded, and probably a good deal more — the budget is not going to balance, and the debt is going to rise even more than the proposed relief bond issue will necessitate.

Which brings us back to that other realization, that service on our present debt is eating up very close to 30 per cent of the total income of the Federal Government. While the deficits continue the debt grows larger, the interest-need grows larger, the ensuing deficit likelier.

Can that gathering snowball be stopped? Can we return to the blissful days of 1920–1929 when we whittled the debt downward 40 per cent, or to the still more glorious days of ages past when we had actually paid off the whole debt? Obviously not until, whether by reviving business or by a far sharper Presidential and Congressional economy than is now in sight, we get our federal income up well above our federal expenditures.

Rejuvenation

The crickets were a burden
With their sad, hot flutes,
Depression hung along the trees
And underneath the roots.

The curving crystal of the sky
Was lustreless old ware,
All the better songs were sung
And the cupboard bare.

And then across this world depressed
An old and hungry crow
Walked with feet set far apart
Sure of the way to go.

He thrust his body side to side
Bent upon success,
He lifted high his toes and breathed
Gigantic sauciness.

His hunger was a fine new thing
On the round, great earth,
His head was full of plans and pride,
His beak tipped back in mirth.

Jehovah was no busier
In Creation's week
Than this crow with law and life
In his important beak.

— **Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

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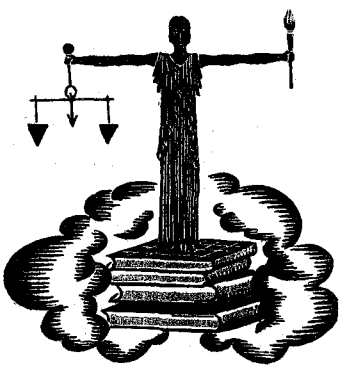
New Voices

The Promise of Our Youngest Writers

by **C. HARTLEY GRATTAN**



LITERARY generations follow one another with astonishing speed in America. In late years they have been appearing at five-year intervals, and while the cleavages between the successive groups are far from absolute, they are nevertheless sufficiently marked for most readers to perceive them. The rapidity of the succession has resulted in an extremely high "mortality rate" and many people have deplored the destructiveness of a literary life that lets high talents disappear after such a short and fitful period of production. External lures as well as internal revolutions swerve many from the high purposes with which they began, and after a relatively brief period has elapsed it is easy to pick out the really important people, as Henry Hazlitt showed in his article in THE FORUM for October.

But when we look forward rather than backward we are confronted with a large number of seemingly dissident writers and writing groups into whose midst one ventures as a non-partisan at the risk of one's life. Young writers do not feel that it is possible to lay down any comprehensive generalizations about their work; they are feeling their individualities; and they and their propagandists are especially sensitive to any assertions of relative value, even those implied by the selection of names to be mentioned in an essay like this. Moreover the writer who attempts to bring order into this chaos has no way of knowing with certainty which of the new voices are going to keep their promise and which are going to fall into oblivion. Five years hence his remarks may well be ridiculous unless he works under an unusually lucky star, and even when disclaiming all malice aforethought, he may yet unwittingly bruise the feelings of the most promising talent of all.

It is, of course, utterly falsifying the facts sharply to differentiate the young and artificially set them off from their elders immediate and remote. Not all of the "young writers" are actually young in years, although in this paper the ages would average out to thirty. Certain individuals of the two preceding generations of still active writers have their partisans among the latest generation — Dreiser, Anderson, Hemingway, and Wilson, for instance. And the roll of heroes from the past would include James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Baudelaire, Whitman, Goethe, Spengler, Freud, Thomas Mann, and Karl Marx. Goethe has been dead a hundred years; Marx died in 1883; and Freud, Joyce, and Thomas Mann, among the living, are well along in years.

However, our interest here is not in cultural continuities, but in the distinctive positive attitudes discernible. As Henry James would have put it, what is the "testimony" of the youngest writers?

Their testimony is at once discouraging and heartening. Almost all of them portray disintegration, disorder, hopelessness, and confusion. But — and herein they differ from their immediate predecessors, it seems to me — they do not stop with mere reporting. They go bravely on to demand that there be construction, order, hopefulness, and clarity of thought. Not all of them are altogether sure how their demands are to be satisfied, but at least they are made. Even out of the worst depths into which they fearlessly venture, they return with a cry against such a waste of life, such an insane throwing away of human potentialities. If they

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can find little in present day American life as it is now being led that seems to them worth while, they are not prepared to argue that the race is going to join the dinosaurs just yet. For the young, America has, as the patriots like to say, a great future.

The young are not patriots if by that word you understand a blind loyalty to the existing order. They are of a bigger mold than mere mechanical saluters of the flag. With their profound conviction that the conventional American ideology is decaying, they look forward to a new outlook which will have as its animating principle the participation of all in the boons and usufructs of society. This is not to imply that the young are revolutionists and have given their minds to a particular cause. Some few have taken that step, of course, and unless the conditions of life in America are bettered in the next few years, more and more will follow the same path. The new writers know too much about the under side of American life to be fobbed off by glittering generalities and stupid appeals to moribund traditions. They want even more than a new deal, a reshuffling of the old cards; they want society to enter upon a co-operative enterprise for the production of a truly beneficent way of life.

The Independents and the Dilettantes

There are always in every generation young writers, many of them of the very first importance, who refuse to be assimilated to any group, but who insist on following their own line, touching various schools in passing, subserving themselves to none. "Doctrines" always attract innumerable campfollowers who offer one another aid and succor in the literary battle. It takes a strong talent to hew a private line. But while doctrinaire writers find it easier to gain the public eye, it may be that the "independents" will actually do the work of producing books one delights in reading. It would be a hardy critic indeed who would deny Thomas Wolfe a leading place on the roll of younger writers. *Look Homeward Angel* is an awe-inspiring portent fished out of the American depths. With an astonishing gusto, Wolfe reports not only the ribaldries but the cruelties and imbecilities of the life he has lived. His vitality alone should warn one against premature generalizations about the decline of literary energy in America. And of a similar quality is Bernard DeVoto who, in *Mark Twain's America*, tapped sources of American vigor that seemed lost forever. These two men give one every reason to believe that any publishing season may turn up new representatives of the youngest generation who are in touch with deep American impulses and who show as little disposition as Wolfe and DeVoto to run with established schools.

Of course writers who are *sui generis* are rare. And it is no disparagement whatever to a writer to assimilate him to a group. It is just as necessary after that has been done to define his unique quality as in the case of the strictly independent figure. Let us glance at some of the schools. There is the group, satirically named the Fastidious Movement, which is attempting to make a last stand for leisure class dilettantism. The most opulently gifted member of this group is, perhaps, Lincoln Kirstein, who has written one novel of dubious merit, *Flesh Is Heir*, and much magazine material about the arts in general. Kirstein, unfortunately, has thus far taken a blurred and indistinct line toward life and the arts which detracts from the impact of his work. Around this rather arbitrarily named group one may arrange such diverse talents as Yvor Winters, an ardent if rather technical student and critic of poetry who shows every sign of so specializing himself that he will become a critic of poetry for critics of poetry, and Bernard Bandler II, a critical writer of great equipment who gives signs of boggling in traditional religious theology. With considerable reluctance one may also place here Kenneth Burke, an æsthetic theorist of great insight and one capable of illustrating his defence of rhetoric in practice (see *Counter-Statement* and *Towards a Better Life*). It would also seem just to place with this group Howard Baker, whose *Orange Valley* is a novel the technical brilliance of which is greater than its impact as fiction, and Janet Lewis, with her chronicle novel, *The Invasion*. This group may also rightfully claim Kay Boyle, author of *Plagued by the Nightingale* and *Year Before Last*, who more than anyone else who has yet appeared seems the logical successor of Willa Cather if she can broaden her interests and escape the effects of a too long drawn out expatriation and a too great fondness for "experimental writing." Finally, it is as pertinent to mention here as anywhere the

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transition group of writers which has gone off in a corner and refuses to play ball with readers. They represent the extreme of experimentalism and of dilettantism in American writing.

The great trouble with this group is the lack of a coherent outlook on life and writing, though Kenneth Burke is eminently capable of providing one, even to a rationale for the social irresponsibility their position necessitates. A related group which does have a more or less coherent outlook is that variously designated the Agrarians, the Fugitives, and the Neo-Confederates. The ideologues of this school are all young men, of whom the most distinguished are John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate. The ideology tends to be cryptic and esoteric and to the crudest apprehension, merely an escape into a Southern past which never existed. It is compounded of a tradition worship — and of a sectional tradition at that — which necessitates an impassioned defense of farming as a way of life. The most striking point, for our purposes, is the impassioned rejection of industrialism which sharply differentiates the group from all the others we shall consider.

The men gathered about this general point of view are very gifted and write poetry, fiction, biography, and literary criticism with equal facility. Tate and Ransom are both considerable poets, and Tate, now that Harte Crane is dead at thirty-three and on his way to becoming a symbolic legend, promises to transcend his group and become the leading poet of his generation. Moreover he is easily, thus far, the most distinguished critic and has written the best biographical studies of Confederate leaders, to the production of which all of the school are addicted. Perhaps his *Jefferson Davis* may serve as a sufficient example of this sort of thing. But such a young man as Robert Penn Warren is opulently gifted, for he is very competent in poetry, fiction, and biography. On the whole, though, the solidest accomplishment of the Agrarians is not that of any man but of a woman, Caroline Gordon, whose novel *Penhally* is a splendid and impressive achievement. *Penhally* projects, I think, a tangible image of the sort of life the Agrarians worship, but it is significant that Miss Gordon is honest enough to show how it has been disintegrated and defeated by forces impossible to control. The book ends with a protest which takes the form of a dramatic murder. The pistol shot resounds after the book has been closed and takes on a symbolic meaning: the Agrarian movement is, in the final analysis, a similarly despairing but highly dramatic protest of representatives of an old way of life before they go down to final defeat.

The Cult of the Bottom Dog

These writers offer only ancillary justification for my formulation of the outlook of the youngest generation, though they are indisputably of it, and I should like emphatically to point out that I do not consider them to be in the main stream of tendency. That is not to say that they will not produce strong and important work, books of the very first importance. But when we enter upon the main stream we shall find that the writers to be mentioned neither ignore nor reject industrialism. They accept it and propose to carry it along with them into the new world they envisage. This seems to me the most realistic attitude to take and the fact that the main group follows this program is in itself an evidence of literary health.

These young writers emerge, one by one, with reports upon the conditions not only in familiar regions, but in sections hitherto voiceless and classes until now never portrayed in novels. They are thus carrying ever farther the realistic tradition established in America by William Dean Howells and extended by Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, and Theodore Dreiser. Edward Dahlberg, Erskine Caldwell, Robert Cantwell, Louis Colman, Vardis Fisher (with *Toilers of the Hills* and *Dark Bridwell*), James T. Farrell (with *Young Lonigan*, which is written in American vernacular and is very impressive), Catherine Brody and John Herrmann (whose *Summer Is Ended* is both "objective" and primed with social implications of great importance), have brought into fiction the "bottom dogs," the disintegrating hill billies, the decaying petty bourgeoisie of the northwest, the proletariat of the lumber industry, the belated, defeated pioneers of dry farming in the Rocky Mountain states, the tough kids of Chicago, the machine tenders of Detroit, and the footloose pseudo-intellectuals of the great American middle class. They report on these groups with immense skill; the technical ability of our new novelists is high and they show small disposition, except the

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extreme Communists, to forgive technical lapses when they turn to the reviewing of fiction; and they have brought to their tasks all the resources developed during the past hundred years for making fiction a "serious" affair of the mind.

Take Erskine Caldwell's *Tobacco Road*. This book deals with the hill billies of Georgia whose way of life has been undermined by the coming of the cotton mills, by the intrusion of industrialism into an agrarian society. Caldwell does not deal with the more energetic representatives of the group who have accepted the new situation and gone into the mills, but has turned his attention to those who have remained on the land. His Jeeters Lester is a character for whom only God himself could feel much sympathy. But as long as the immemorial round of farming was possible, at least his life was meaningful and he served a social purpose. When the economic basis of farming in that region was removed and the ancient structure fell to pieces, Jeeters was left high and dry. In *Tobacco Road* he is literally starving to death and of course does not have the remotest idea why. All he knows is that something has happened which makes it impossible for him to get seed and fertilizer to cultivate the land and raise a crop. The only truly likeable quality he possesses is his love for the land, for the feel and smell of it. Caldwell presents us with a picture of one clot of human rubbish left behind by the shifting currents of our economic life. But does he leave us with a cleverly objective, heartlessly cruel revelation of a festering sore? He does not. He clearly indicates that the Lesters are victims of a large social stupidity which has made it impossible to reintegrate them and their fellows into the new social congelation. One knows that Caldwell, like any socially responsible person, thinks of the Lesters as examples of the cruel waste of society. But he does not directly step out of his novel and preach. He is far too clever for that, however strongly he may imply his judgment of the situation.

In *Laugh and Lie Down* Robert Cantwell also follows this line. He portrays with very great skill the disintegration of a petty bourgeois family in the northwest. As the novel opens the father has died and the force which has hitherto held the family together has been relaxed. One of the sons figures out that the reason his father has been a failure is because he was honest. There is seemingly no place for honesty in the American world as long as one is struggling for a living. And while he does not deliberately act upon his conclusion, the acknowledgment of it slowly undermines his morale. He works in a factory, but he has no fellow-feeling for the proletariat. He, like all of his fellows in America, is not yet prepared to abandon his class. Rather he tries to find a way to make a lot of money quickly, that he may escape from his life, which has become meaningless in his hands. Quick ways out are drink and women, but it is not joyous drinking or full-hearted love-making. It is, rather, the drinking despairing men do and the love-making that is thwarted before it starts. The whole life is set to lead to petty dishonesties, cheap racketeerings, and minor "stick-ups" perpetrated by young men who in their better moments recognize that their lives have disintegrated and that there must be some rewarding way out. "He was wide awake, and somehow disheartened and empty. Was his life to be only these hasty fluctuations of moods and feelings, nothing but these vague fears and disappointments? Was there never to be any stability, any firmness or strength? . . . Living like this. I'd like to believe something . . . this whole dirty business. I'm sick of it."

Cantwell's people are a cut above Edward Dahlberg's. In *Bottom Dogs* and *From Flushing to Calvary*, Dahlberg deals with what one of his characters in the latter novel calls "cheap people." They make up the lowest group of "working" people in American society, the *lumpen* proletariat, inhabiting a slimy and unhealthy world and a pretty hopeless one. It is but one step more to the "lower depths" which Maxim Gorky so brilliantly evoked in Russian literature. Dahlberg has been accused of "libeling the proletariat," but it is difficult to accept that judgment, for amid the physical and moral dirt and disorder of their lives, his people show gleams of nobility and fitfully give evidences of aspiration. The yeast of rebellion works slowly among them; their aspirations are vague and chiefly center about how to get hold of a "bunch of money," as do those of Cantwell's people and, for that matter, Caldwell's. Dahlberg's people are less articular than those in Cantwell's novel, but they are more so than their peasant brothers in Caldwell's.

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How articulate *are* the American masses? When the masses have something to say, something more cogent than blind and hopeless rebellion, it is usually a something which has been brought to them by intellectuals and self-taught ex-workers who canalize their emotions and give them direction. Certainly the Detroit automobile workers in Catherine Brody's important novel, *Nobody Starves*, are ripe for direction, but if her report on their lives is to be trusted, it has not yet come to them. They are still at the stage of disintegrating apathy. *Nobody Starves* is a rigorously honest book and one that "hurts." The pointlessness of the life it depicts is depressing beyond measure and the aspirations thwarted are in essence so trivial that it seems utterly meaningless cruelty to deny their satisfaction to the very dogs and cats of the land. What Miss Brody's people really want is what we vaguely call security: a cheap little home with Grand Rapids furniture, a low-priced automobile, a radio, and something to eat regularly. Eating is put last not because it is least important to them, but because it is something so elementary that to raise it to the level of a "problem," an aspiration, is in itself to indict a society. Miss Brady's people can no longer take it for granted. They have been thwarted and beaten by forces outside their control. The men will murder their wives; but they are not yet ready to overthrow the society that is crushing them.

In Louis Colman's *Lumber* we come upon a group that is primed with a program of rebellion, for his northwestern lumber workers are imbued with the ideas of the I.W.W. True, this outlook does not bring them surcease from their troubles, but at least it makes them articulate. They may be cruelly beaten down by the "better elements" of the community, but they assert themselves and their example may perchance stimulate others to demand what must always seem a hopelessly inadequate and pathetic conception of the good life. Fielding Burke's people are in a parallel situation; *Call Home the Heart* is an important indication of the most radical social direction yet taken. Her people are introduced to a philosophy, Communism, by outsiders. She too takes her point of departure from the hill billies. But she follows those who venture into the mills and portrays the horror of their new lives, the savagely ironic upshot of their effort to escape into a wider world. Moreover she seeks to show how the inevitable rebellion of her people can be canalized into Communism. This is a more forthright and explicit hint of the possible road to social satisfaction than is as yet characteristic of the American novel, but it is a hint which may very well grow into a demand. There is a whole group of writers moving toward Communism from various starting points. One may refer, among the novelists, to Charles Yale Harrison, Michael Gold, and above all John Dos Passos, and among the critics to V. F. Calverton (author of the most considerable Marxian analysis of American culture, *The Liberation of American Literature*), Joseph Freeman, Newton Arvin, Granville Hicks, and possibly Matthew Josephson.

The Author's Social Responsibility

We have now, I think, justified the summary of the outlook of the youngest generation given at the beginning of this paper. We have advanced from dilettantism to agrarianism, to uncanalized protest, and finally to Communism. There can remain no doubt that there is plenty of evidence to show that the young writers insist that the old American world and its values has decayed, is decaying, and that a new world and new values must be created. This conviction has required, as William Harlan Hale in *Challenge to Defeat* has put it, "the entry of the self into the objective world." It has required that the young writers have a highly developed social responsibility. The work of this generation is, and increasingly will be so far as it is in the main stream of tendency, characterized by an emphasis upon the environment rather than upon the individual, as in the postwar period. The young writers, pretty generally, are through with subjective accounts of individuals; they are through with what the Russian critics call psychologism; and they now advance upon us, well armed technically, with moving, even harrowing, studies of the American environment and insistent assertions of the possibility of order and the necessity of guaranteeing to all the enjoyment of the highest human values.

Next Month — William Soskin Attacks the Vogue of Communism among the Literati.

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Premium Bonds

How France Protects the Small Investor

by **CHARLES T. HALLINAN**

When they told me, back in 1929, that my old high school Greek teacher had forsaken her books and was in New York, "playing the stock market," I threw up my hands!

I could see her plainly. Sitting very stiff and erect in the crowded brokerage office. She had a trained mind. The classroom had given her a good poker face. But — shades of Xenophon — what was she doing there?

What real business was it of hers, whether the pool operating in Chrysler could work that share up to "30 times earnings"? When her cool gray eyes surveyed the brisk "customers' man," bubbling with inside information, did nothing tell her that this hubbub was being churned by lunatics?

She used to assure me, in my periods of boyish depression, that Greek was marvelous training for the mind. I hope it stood her in good stead in September, 1929. I hoped she socked that market hard, and took her profits, and retired to her books in comfort. But I don't know. . . . Trained minds seemed at a disadvantage in 1929.

Now, what was my old high school teacher after? Nothing vulgar, I assure you. A fastidious little lady, of austere tastes. She was simply after a very large sum of money which, safely invested, would furnish economic security for her old age. Under our American scheme of things, the only method that seemed open to her, by which she could rapidly augment her savings, was to play the stock market.

But if she had been a gray-haired teacher of Greek in the Paris Sorbonne, it would simply never have occurred to her to speculate. Teachers, doctors, and other professional people in France rarely gamble in stocks; more than 95 per cent of the speculative transactions on the Paris Bourse are purely professional.

No, if on reflection she had felt that she ought to increase her nest egg, her French colleagues would have said: "Do as we do; invest your money in good premium bonds."

You have to hand it to the French. Things are getting difficult with them, as with the rest of the world, but there is one thing they have escaped. They escaped the roaring "bull market" of 1929 and its aftermath, the violent dislocation of savings and investments. Conditions in France were ripe for such a phenomenon but it was a wholly professional and relatively modest affair, and it has melted away without much national discomfort. And the reason French investors escaped being drawn into such a stock market is that in France they are persistently shepherded into a peculiar type of investment — unknown in the United States and England — called the "premium bond."

The premium bond may be a government bond or a municipal bond; in fact, it differs from the ordinary bond only in this: that when the bonds are drawn for redemption or retirement, certain numbers — chosen by lot — receive in addition large premiums or prizes. Any American investment manual dealing with foreign government and municipal securities describes these in detail. What I want to talk about is the remarkable part they play in the French world of investments. Perhaps they have a lesson for our bankers and legislators.

A Government Gamble

Let us take a typical French investor who has saved $25. He wants three things. Safety, of course. Next, he wants a little interest on his money. And finally, like everybody in the world except Croesus, he dreams of some day getting, magically, a very large sum of money — far beyond the reach of his savings

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— which will enable him to retire, or buy a little farm, or become a landlord.

Does he attempt to get this sum by gambling on the stock market? Very rarely. No, he goes to his bank and asks the manager to buy for him one of the French Government's various bond issues, with large premiums or prizes attached which are distributed during the year by drawings.

For example, around $24 will buy him to-day one of the French Government's "*Crédit National* Five Per Cent Bonds of 1919." (France has never thought it beneath her dignity to issue "baby bonds" for small investors.) These bonds, with a par value of $20 and ultimately to be redeemed or paid off at $24, are quoted daily, like other government issues, on the Paris Bourse; the bank will buy one for our friend and charge him a small commission. He can take the bond home, or he can copy off the number in a little notebook and leave it at the bank for safe-keeping.

His $24 is safe as long as the French Government is solvent. Twice a year he collects the interest, and four times a year he scans the newspaper to see if his bond has, by great good fortune, drawn a premium or prize of $40,000!

Does it seem fantastic to you? I confess it did to me; it seemed preposterous. But my mentor, an elderly American banker who has been stationed in France for a good many years, looked amused at my superior expression.

"Don't you go high-hatting the French," he remarked. "These men have brains. You dig into this and see what you find."

Let's go back to that Frenchman's "*Crédit National* Five Per Cent Bond of 1919." Four times a year a big crowd — holders of this particular government security — gathers in a large room at 45–47 Rue St. Dominique in Paris. This building is the headquarters of the *Crédit National*, virtually a government department set up in 1919 to raise and administer the immense loans needed for the restoration of the devastated areas in France until German reparations could make good the damage. Four times a year the *Crédit National* retires a certain number of these 1919 bonds and the crowd has gathered to learn, at first hand, which bonds are drawn.

What strikes you is their good humor, and the curious absence of excitement; a matter-of-factness, as if these quarterly drawings were an old story. Certainly there is nothing remotely resembling the intense atmosphere which surrounds the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes in Dublin. The crowd placidly surveys a big drum which contains the numbers of the undrawn bonds, thousands and thousands of them. Officials revolve the drum and a little girl withdraws from the drum a sealed cartridge containing a single number. The cartridge is opened and an official reads out: "No. 276,258." Laughter, cheers, and mock groans. The owner of that bond is probably not present, but he will see the number in a newspaper, or his bank manager will. He sends the bond to the office of the *Crédit National*, which cancels it, and he receives $40,000. He has received $24 for his bond and a premium of $39,976!

The second bond drawn on this happy occasion receives $20,000. Then come five numbers receiving $4000 each and ten numbers receiving $2000 each. Between five and six thousand other bonds are drawn for redemption; the holders receive 600 francs each, or $24; they are paid off in full.

Now, notice the difference — on which the French lay great stress — between this premium bond and a lottery ticket. If our investor had put his $24 into lottery tickets and failed to draw a prize, he would have lost his "capital." Losing his capital, he would have also lost, in French opinion, a certain incentive to save.

But in this case, even if he fails to draw a prize, his "capital" is safe as long as the great French Government is solvent, and he gets very good interest on his investment until the government pays him back his loan. Far from being discouraged, he is keen to save another $24 or $25 and buy another bond and thus increase his chances.

But how can the government afford to distribute such handsome prizes to investors? It is very simple. The government merely held back a small portion of the interest which it expected to pay for this 1919 *Crédit National* loan and it distributes that portion, every year, to the holders of 68 bonds chosen by lot.

To illustrate, let us put this in its simplest terms. This particular issue now amounts, roughly, to $160,000,000 and the 5 per cent interest on it will cost the government this

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year $8,000,000. In addition, as we have seen, the government will pay out, on four different occasions, premiums or prizes amounting to $100,000, or $400,000 in all. This brings the cost up to $8,400,000 which is equal to an interest rate of 5¼ per cent. In other words, each bondholder has given up ¼ of 1 per cent of the interest he might have received this year, and 68 individuals land more or less on Easy Street.

The Government as Santa Claus

Now, I propose to jar you somewhat; I am going to show you the world in which the French small investor lives.

Twelve times a year — literally once a month — the great French Government tips up the cornucopia of Fortune and some investor, who has paid around $24 for a *Crédit National* government bond, receives in exchange for it $40,000. During the year 23 individuals receive $20,000 each, 17 get $8000 each, 76 get $4000 each, 142 get $2000 each, and several thousands get smaller sums down to $40.

There have been six of these *Crédit National* bond issues outstanding with premiums or prizes attached. Taking all six, the French Government has been distributing in premiums each year the sum of $2,253,200 to the holders of 12,200 bonds.

There is no "graft" or favoritism possible; the bonds are bearer bonds, drawn by sealed numbers, and the *Crédit National* has no record of the names of the owners.

If you tell a Frenchman that it seems a little silly, somehow — the majestic French Government playing Santa Claus every year to 12,200 investors, he merely shrugs his shoulders. To him it seems a perfectly sensible device for encouraging thrift. Why shouldn't the Frenchman "pinch the sous" and save money when the saving of so small a sum as $24 may land him in relative prosperity and security?

If you suggest that it is demoralizing for people to "win" large sums of money, he asks you politely: "Would $40,000 demoralize you?" You reply, "No, certainly not." Then he remarks: "Let's not be snobbish. If economic security and peace of mind are good for you, they are good for everybody. The man who would be demoralized by a modest windfall is already demoralized without it."

That's the typical French answer. Nevertheless, there is, of course, a psychological side to this and the government is not unconscious of it. They have sought to meet it in a rather ingenious way.

Suppose you see in the newspaper that your bond has drawn a prize of $40,000. Can you dash down the next day with your bond and collect the money? No, you have to wait 30 days. That means two things. The canny French Government has the use of your money for 30 days without paying interest. And you have 30 days in which to cool off from your first excitement.

If your temperament — or your wife's — is a bit extravagant, you have 30 days in which, in imagination, to spend the whole $40,000. You can spend it several times over. But time drags, and presently the inevitable reaction sets in. You begin to figure that if the whole $40,000 were safely invested so as to yield 4 per cent, it would add $1600 to your income. Perhaps it would be better to put it into gilt-edged *Rentes* and get 3 per cent and feel absolutely safe; that would mean an additional income of $1200. By the time the 30 days are up, you and the bank manager have figured out an investment policy.

Another important protection lies in the fact that no publicity is given the winners. These are bearer bonds, and until the owner or his bank turns up with the actual securities, nobody knows who owns them. Those sharpers who swarm around the winners of great lottery prizes are thus effectively balked. Occasionally a small provincial newspaper will have a paragraph congratulating a local worthy on his good fortune, but the latter has his own exuberance to thank for the publicity. If he had kept his mouth shut, no one would have known. The only time I have ever noticed the name of a winner mentioned in the press was some years ago when a large French textile mill drew a first prize; they announced that they proposed to devote the proceeds to improving the housing conditions of their employees.

These six *Crédit National* premium bond issues completely color the investment world for the Frenchman of moderate means. If you are ever in Paris again, ask the waiter at your hotel if he owns any *Crédit National* bonds; you will probably find that he does. Everybody seems to have a few. The great French banks are not at all ashamed to hold them, partly

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for re-sale to customers and partly on their own account. They feel that the bonds are "safe," for even if Germany should completely default on reparations, the bonds are backed by the full credit of the government; the yield is good, and if the bank should draw a price — well, no harm in that.

They are extraordinarily popular with workingmen. One of the curiosities of French finance is the group of mechanics in, say, Citroen's motor factory who have clubbed together and bought several of these bonds. Twice a year they collect the interest, buy a bottle of wine and divide the balance. If they win a prize, hooray; if not, better luck next time.

When a French girl gets married, her parents give her as part of her *dot* several of these premium bonds to take to her new home. Who knows, she might draw a premium and be secure for life! They think it is the finest present they can give her, for it contains possibilities far beyond their own modest means.

Each of these six *Crédit National* bond issues has its special attractions; in fact, the French have been very ingenious in varying the appeal. The Five Per Cents of 1919 and 1920, for example, offer relatively few prizes, but all of them high. That is, high on the French scale of things; $40,000 is the highest. But in the Six Per Cents of January, 1923, they made the top prizes modest but compensated for it by offering thousands of small prizes. The Frenchman who buys one of these "January, 1923" bonds to-day at $22 reasons thus:

"Of course it is extremely unlikely, on the laws of chance, that I shall draw the single prize of $20,000 offered each year, but it is not at all unlikely that I shall draw one of the 6918 prizes given annually of $40 each. In that pleasant event, I shall have practically doubled my money without risking a penny."

A Sensible Scheme

Does this annoy you obscurely, as it annoys me? Probably not, for you are a big, generous soul. But the spectacle of twelve French men and women walking off every year with $40,000 — handed them with a smile and a congratulatory little speech from the director of the *Crédit National* — this spectacle fills me with national jealousy. It is enough to make a hard-working Anglo-Saxon gnaw his knuckles.

It would give me grim satisfaction to prove, first, that these twelve men and women are absolutely ruined by the $40,000 they have received, and secondly, that the whole French nation is demoralized by it.

The economist Bastable says that the prospect of receiving without effort a very large sum of money "weakens the incentive to labor."

That is the way I was brought up; that is the way my American banker friend in Paris was brought up. It never occurred to either of us to question it.

But I'll be frank with you. If I am to prove that these old-established premium bonds have weakened the French incentive to work, I must have help. I can't prove it single-handed.

Paris, when surveyed by an attentive American eye, seems crowded with men and women working long hours with the most disgusting cheerfulness. And if I penetrate the provinces in the pious hope of finding "lazy Latins" lolling around in the sun, waiting to win $40,000, I am still more vexed. I find a people who rise at the crack of dawn and work late and scrimp and save. It is really discouraging.

There remains the bare possibility that Bastable and my college textbook on economics are wrong. Have these Frenchmen hit upon a psychological truth which our Puritan Anglo-Saxon philosophy has accidentally missed? Can it be that even the remote possibility of some day getting a great big lift out of my present state, makes me work harder and with more cheerfulness?

The French say "yes." To them it is a self-evident psychological truth.

But my American banker friend tells me cheerfully that he has held Five Per Cents of 1919 ever since they were issued and has never drawn a prize. Obviously, the common experience is that you *don't* win a prize. Thousands upon thousands of French investors have never won a prize and never will.

Do they get disgusted? Temperaments vary, and we can't usefully generalize. But there is this curious feature: they don't get so discouraged as to dump their bonds on the market. The price ambles up and down between $23.75 and $25.50. In price range, during this year of depression, these are among the most stable bonds in Europe.

I have emphasized these *Crédit National*

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issues, for they are the cream of French premium bonds; but there are lots of others listed on the Paris and provincial stock exchanges. The city of Paris, for example, does much of its long-term borrowing through this device. Of the city's 21 bond issues now outstanding, 13 of them have premiums attached.

Lotteries are illegal in America, under the Federal Law, though a certain number of Americans persistently send quite large sums of money abroad to the sponsors of lotteries and sweepstakes in Cuba, Ireland, India, and the Scandinavian countries.

But premium bonds of a certain narrow type we have long had. Every wealthy investor is familiar with them. The X.Y.Z. Corporation issues bonds at 95, with the promise to redeem them in annual installments, beginning next year, at 105. I buy one of these for $950 and if my bond is drawn next year, I receive, in addition to my 4 or 5 per cent interest, a "premium" of $100 — the difference between the $950 which I paid and the $1050 I received. I have been paid very handsomely indeed for the use of my money for one year.

But it was purely a "lottery" that it was my bond which was drawn, and not some other man's. I might have had to wait 20 years before receiving that premium, in which case the return on my investment would have been much smaller.

Our courts find nothing wrong with this; quite sensibly they accept it as inevitable under a system in which a corporation undertakes to retire, by lot, part of its bonds each year. Some bondholders will indubitably fare better than others, from the standpoint of the immediate return on their money.

But we have never gone further than this, largely because our bonds have been interesting only to well-to-do investors who had plenty of opportunities to "win" large prizes in the ordinary fields of finance and especially in common stocks. When they turned to bonds, they wanted something quite different; they wanted conventional securities which would assure them safety of principal, a fair return, and the minimum of bother.

The practical result, though not intended, is that our bonds are quite useless to those small investors who wish greatly to augment their capital. They must turn to common stocks, dumping their slender resources into the vast, and almost tidal, forces of the stock exchange. This widespread desire to augment one's capital is not unreasonable. I don't wish to offend the learned shade of Karl Marx, but as I see it, a "capitalist society" might well be defined as one in which every man and woman has a passion for more capital. Sometimes we censure this; we call it a passion for gambling, but that gets us nowhere. It is just as true and considerably more objective, to call it a passion for capital. To get that capital, you must either find and develop some extremely lucrative business opening, or turn to common stocks. Several thousands succeed in the former, several million fail in the latter.

Was their failure inevitable? Absolutely. The New York Stock Exchange has many irate critics to-day but it will do no harm to preserve some perspective; with all its shortcomings, the New York Stock Exchange is simply years ahead of any other stock exchange in the world in the protection it attempts to throw around the speculative investor.

But the task is impossible, in my judgment. If we close all doors to the Lilliputians except the stock exchange, they will charge that stock exchange and wreck it. They did it in 1929, and ten years from now, when the cycle has rolled around, they will do it again.

That is why, at a time when we are considering our whole investment and speculative machinery, the French experiment with premium bonds seems to me interesting and suggestive. Suppose Congress revised our Lottery Act so as clearly to exempt from its definitions *bona fide* American Government, state, and municipal securities. Such an amendment might not be necessary; I leave that point to the constitutional lawyers. But suppose, to make the parallel exact, that some of our states adopted the premium bond for municipal financing. Would not millions of amateur investors be perfectly satisfied with that type of safe "speculative" security?

Would my old high school Greek teacher try to gamble in Chrysler Common if she could put her money into, say, Minneapolis 3 per cents, with annual premiums of from $30,000 down? Or into Cincinnati 4 per cents, with similar premiums? Mathematically, of course, she wouldn't win, but her money would be safe and she would feel that she might win, and this, I think, would satisfy her completely.

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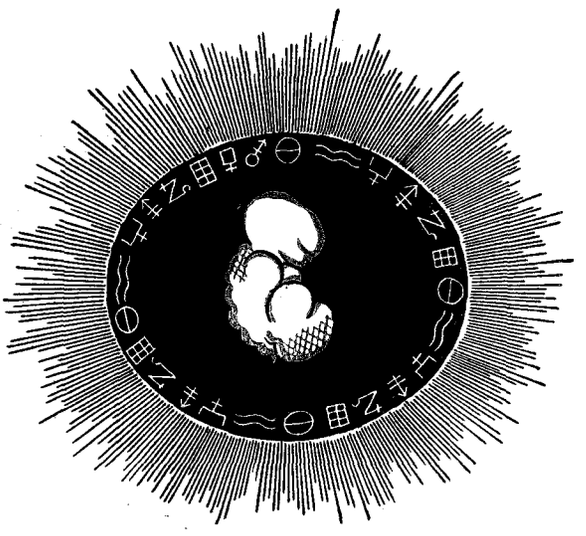
Birth Control

A Balance Sheet

by **RAY ERWIN BABER**

When a meritorious idea once gets loose in the world there is no recalling it. It heeds not entreaty, and threats merely hasten its course.

A search down the pathways of time reveals the starting place of many such ideas, and a glance about us to-day shows some of them still spreading inexorably over the earth. At times their advance is retarded by stubborn opposing customs, but their march is not stopped. Thus has it been with democracy, power machinery, popular education, the emancipation of women, and a host of other ideas that have forged to the front in the face of powerful opposition. These are now fixed in the history of mankind's thought; they can never be recalled, but may be overcome. How? Certainly not by prejudice and hate — those sorry blunderers who follow impotently in the wake of every advance — but only by the substitution of an idea of greater merit.



Is birth control such an idea? Will it come to rank among the great ideas of the world? Let us be slow to answer. It has honest friends who see its faults and honest foes who see its merits, as well as proponents and opponents so blinded by prejudice that they can see only one side of the question. To-day birth control holds the spotlight not only of public attention, but of public concern, for it has incalculable power for either social benefit or harm. Thus far is it friend or foe? Let us strike a balance sheet and see how it stands on the ledger of human welfare.* Then maybe we can judge it.

Health Aspects

Birth control is first of all a medical question, involving mental and physical health. To the layman it may therefore seem strange that doctors disagree regarding its merits. But doctors often base their opinions in this field on their economic and religious views rather than on professional knowledge. Very few of our medical schools teach the scientific prevention of conception, and many doctors know little about it. Only since 1923, when the National Committee on Maternal Health was organized, has there been any large-scale scientific research on the subject. The unbiased work of this Committee, under the vigorous leadership of Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, a distinguished gynecologist, has won the sanction of various medical societies. Questionnaires sent out to physicians have shown a large majority in favor of birth control, and the favor is steadily increasing.

Below are opposing views on the main points of contention between medical men regarding the merits or demerits of contraception.

1. *Sterility.* The practice of birth control has frequently been accused of causing sterility.

* The term "birth control" has had many interpretations. A more definitive term is "contraception," but because the former is more familiar in this country it is retained in this discussion, but limited to one meaning only — the prevention of conception, *except when desired*, by the use of chemical or mechanical devices.

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It is true that one long condemned method has produced a few such cases, but the Committee on Maternal Health has for years sought in vain for a single case resulting in sterility when approved methods were used. In a number of alleged cases it was found that there was sterility to begin with.

2. *Drug poisoning.* It is claimed that there are deleterious effects on the body from the use of strong drugs. But even if this were proved for strong drugs, it would not apply to the milder ones, scarcely stronger than body secretions, which have been found effective.

3. *Cancer.* Pelvic infection and even cancer due to chronic irritation, have been charged to certain contraceptives. It is true that one or two obsolete and condemned methods cause irritation and *might*, in rare instances, cause cancer, though this claim is based more on supposition than proof. However, there is no excuse for using such methods when harmless ones are available.

4. *False security.* Complete reliance on contraceptives, by women to whom pregnancy is sure to be fatal, is said to cause needless deaths, for even the best methods are not infallible. For such women sterilization would be safer, but those who prefer contraceptives should be warned that they cannot expect absolute protection. However, clinically approved methods, when instructions are conscientiously followed, show success in 95% of the cases, which compares favorably with medical results in other fields. Certainly such protection is better than no protection at all.

5. *Neurosis.* Sex excitement for women, without maternity, is frequently named as a cause of neurosis. Even if this were proved, such cases would be rare compared with known cases of mental disorder (in the less stable amounting to actual insanity) due to the ever haunting fear of pregnancy.

6. *Contraception vs. childbirth.* It is argued that a woman's general health is usually much better if she bears one or more children, thus allowing her whole body to function normally, and that the total physiological effect of contraception is more dangerous than is childbirth. It is admitted that childbirth often improves a woman's general health, but so also does a normal sex life *without* maternity. But that birth control is more dangerous to health than is childbirth cannot be accepted. Approximately every thirty minutes in the United States a mother dies in childbirth. True, some of these deaths are due to abortion, many more to inadequate medical care, but far too many to pregnancy by women who could not hope for successful delivery, and whose lives could have been saved if they had received proper information. Thousands more, who survive, are seriously crippled, some permanently disabled.

7. *Child spacing.* Birth control permits the mother to safeguard her health by properly spacing her children. Various studies have revealed cases of "six children in six years," and sometimes either a child or a miscarriage in every year for a much longer period. No one will deny the drain on the vitality of the mother who must face a confinement each year. Close spacing also means higher infant mortality. A recent study shows the death rate for infants born less than two years after the preceding child to be fifty per cent higher than for those born after a longer interval.

8. *Pregnancy during disease.* Certain diseases make pregnancy very hazardous, and in many cases fatal. Three such, according to the late Dr. J. Whitridge Williams, Obstetrician-in-Chief at Johns Hopkins University, are chronic nephritis, organic heart disease, and tuberculosis. Testifying before the Senate Subcommittee last year, he stated that it was the duty of a physician not only to warn patients suffering from these diseases against pregnancy, but to instruct them how to prevent it. Syphilis, also, is frequently an impossible team mate for pregnancy. Clinical studies at Johns Hopkins, of pregnant women having either syphilis or nephritis, shows a distressingly high loss of life.

9. *Abortion.* Induced abortion causes the death of at least 6000 women in this country every year. Laying aside for the moment the moral issue involved, it is apparent that an adequate knowledge of birth control would wipe out most of this ghastly toll of adult life, to say nothing of the infinitely greater toll of half-formed life.

From the above points it is clear that contraceptives vary all the way from condemned methods which are unquestionably harmful to some persons, to clinically approved methods which are highly successful, and not injurious when properly used. But even approved types

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can be misused, through ignorance or carelessness, and with as bad results as when medicine is misused. For this reason "bootleg" contraceptives, many of them ineffective and some dangerous to health, constitute a public menace. If contraceptives are to be used they should be prescribed by a physician, and medical schools should equip their graduates to handle the problem intelligently.

Social and Economic Factors

The foregoing factors are not entirely exclusive of health or morals, but their main emphasis is on the social and economic.

1. *Standard of living.* An income large enough to cover a family of four cannot be magically stretched to cover a family of seven or eight — somebody's feet are bound to stick out. When President Harding wrote a congratulatory letter to the New York couple who had sixteen children, he doubtless did not inquire how they could maintain an American standard of living on the father's earnings of $20 a week as a porter, or how many of the children had to work to supplement this pittance. The prolificacy of the poor is common knowledge, and all too frequently another visit from the stork must be followed by a visit from the Family Welfare Agency.

2. *Marriage rate and age.* It is claimed that if the knowledge of birth control were made available to all classes and ages, marriage would decrease and the age at marriage increase. Men could satisfy their sex hunger through intimate association with their women friends, thus avoiding the responsibilities of a family, as well as the risks of consorting with professional prostitutes. But in general the result thus far seems to have been just the opposite. In the last forty years, in spite of the rapid rise of birth control, the percentage of the population fifteen years of age and over who are married has steadily increased from 55.3 in 1890 to 60.6 in 1930. This does not look as if marriage were becoming less popular. Furthermore, in a survey of several cities, William F. Ogburn found that when the same age groups were compared, the cities with the lowest birth rates had also the highest marriage rate among the young people. He concludes that birth control probably encourages rather than discourages early marriage.

3. *Marital happiness.* The opponents of birth control assert that it is unæsthetic, robbing the mating act of its beauty and spontaneity by compelling a cautious, calculating preparation for it. The emotional satisfaction of perfect union is thus destroyed, the act cheapened, and mutual regard so lessened that satisfaction may be sought elsewhere. It is admitted that any use of contraceptives detracts somewhat from complete spontaneity, but such loss is not a tithe of the gain in freedom from the gripping fear of pregnancy. And, as science improves the technique, the unæsthetic feature may fade from the picture. On the whole, thinks Dr. William Allen Pusey, formerly President of the American Medical Association, birth control *decreases* marital unhappiness and infidelity, for a normal sex life at home makes either mate less likely to seek gratification elsewhere.

4. *Illegitimacy and abortion.* The foes of birth control assert that it will increase both illegitimacy and abortion by luring into illicit relations, with the false promise of security, many girls and women who would otherwise not yield. This may be true, to a limited extent, though any such increase would be only temporary if reliable information became freely available. Illegitimate children, with few exceptions, are *unwanted* children, and would not be born if their mothers knew how to prevent it short of abortion. There are more than thirty thousand illegitimate white births a year in the United States — sixty thousand mothers and children whose lives are darkened by public scorn.

We have about a million abortions each year. At the Jewish center in Chicago, which deals with dependent families, almost half of the group of 104 women studied were found to be practicing abortion. Women frequently admit six or seven abortions. Birth control clinics are seeking to *substitute contraception for abortion.* Would not such a change constitute a social gain?

5. *Unemployment.* Birth control does not claim to be the only solution to unemployment, but only that it would help in its solution. Our modern machines have hands but no hearts, and technological unemployment plays havoc with a fast growing labor supply. A *decreasing* population might be unfavorable to prosperity, but with the machine on the throne a *static* population might be more prosperous

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than one that is rapidly *increasing*. Certainly France, with her almost stationary population, has suffered less from unemployment than have we with our fast growing numbers. In the 1920-1930 decade France increased less than three-fourths of a million, while we increased seventeen million, less than one-fifth of which was due to net immigration.

6. *Delinquency and crime*. When a family outgrows its income two results are common: first, the family moves to a cheaper community where frequently the social environment is bad; second, the mother starts working out. Both factors contribute largely to the neglect and delinquency of children. Miriam Van Waters, an authority on juvenile delinquency, asserts that unplanned-for, unwelcome births account for a large part of the boys and girls who find their way into our juvenile courts and correctional institutions.

7. *Child labor*. It is only natural that parents who have more children than they can support should put them to work. Owen R. Lovejoy, when Executive Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, selected over-large families as the greatest cause contributing to child labor.

8. *Population pressure*. The foes of birth control contend that a rapidly increasing world population, which stimulates production and promotes international trade, makes for prosperity, and that birth control inevitably leads to decline. That population pressure causes war they admit, but some even argue that war invigorates a people and saves it from stagnation. Let us consider the case. In the nineteenth century the population of the world doubled, a feat never before equaled. In one hundred years mankind increased more than it had in all previous human history. Such a rate cannot long continue if we are to have room to stand, and something to eat. In the last few decades most Western nations have sharply checked their increase. Kuczynski and Dublin assert that in Europe and the United States the change in age distribution has already proceeded to such a point that we will have no increase in population beyond the few years necessary for our present age grouping to take effect. Their prediction may be upset by other factors which can easily become operative, but even so we have greatly checked our growth, while many other peoples are increasing at an astounding rate. What if these others do not fall in line? Even now (1900-1924) world population is increasing about one per cent a year. Must we go back to competitive breeding, and make sheer numbers rather than standard of living the goal?

9. *Differential birth rate*. That some of our best stock is dying out is a matter of real concern. Generations do not breed true, for a half of one generation produces three-fourths of the next — and that half is heavily weighted with the less desirable. For this reason it is argued that we need not birth *control* but birth *selection*. But granting the inestimable value of birth selection, can we get it soon enough to warrant dependence on it alone? Our best stock (based on leadership, not wealth) has greatly lowered its rate of increase, some of it going too low. Our less desirable stock has somewhat reduced its rate, but it is still too high. The distant ideal is a population that breeds mostly from the top, but no nation, least of all America, has made even a serious start toward such a goal. We do not punish childless and one-child families with the scorn of public opinion. Nor do we use rewards. Our tax exemption for each child is entirely negligible compared with the cost of rearing a child. We use no differential wage scale based on family size, grant no birth bonus, and even withhold public recognition — with the exception of such touching letters as President Harding's. Both bonus and recognition have been tried somewhat in Italy and France, but apparently not on a selective basis — just a reward for *numbers*, regardless of cranial contents.

If, then, birth release among the better classes is still a dream of the future, do not the birth selectionists, in opposing the further spread of contraceptive knowledge, merely help perpetuate the dysgenic birth rate which they deplore? When two variables are at different levels there are only three ways of evening them: by lowering the higher one, raising the lower one, or both. We are making no appreciable effort to raise the one that is too low; even if future effort brings results, the over-high one should still be lowered, and would be if given opportunity. This would bring the level of the two birth rates somewhat closer together, and to that extent would be eugenic.

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Moral and Religious Factors

The moral and religious aspects of birth control are very sharply debated, for from this angle comes most of the active opposition. Below are the chief contentions which have been cited:

1. *Relation to the universe.* Birth control is condemned as unnatural. It thwarts the Creator's will by drying up the springs of life. But so are houses unnatural, also clothes, automobiles, vaccination, eye glasses, surgical operations, canned food, and a thousand other benefactors of mankind. The whole march of civilization has been from the natural to the artificial, a substitution of man-made methods for nature's methods.

2. *Relation to murder.* Birth control is called "anticipatory murder," depriving innumerable infants of the right to live both here and hereafter, for even to live in hardship is better than not to live at all. But by no possible juggling of terms, reply the defenders of birth control, can the prevention of the conception of life be made the same as the taking of life once started. If it were murder to refuse to conceive children who *could* be conceived, then every wife who did not bear fifteen or twenty children — up to the limit of her capacity — would be a murderer! The point reduces to an absurdity.

3. *Effects on the marital relationship.* Birth control is charged with degrading marriage. It changes love to lust, enthrones the carnal in place of the spiritual, and makes of marriage mere legalized prostitution. It weakens self-control, looses passion, and leads to bestiality. The reply is that the use of contraceptives requires *more*, not *less* self-control. For the indulgence of uncontrolled passion it substitutes a thoughtful regard for the welfare of wife and children. It permits that intimate communion of husband and wife so productive of tenderness and understanding. To demand abstinence of the married, says Lord Dawson of Penn, is to "ask two people surrounded by the intimacies of love not to be lovers," even though their married life would be mutually enriched thereby.

4. *Effects on the morale of youth.* Birth control, think its opponents, will remove the fear of consequences, thereby encouraging premarital relations, and leading toward sexual promiscuity. Now, the knowledge of contraception is admittedly dangerous. Such a powerful device can easily be misused. But so also can dynamite, acids, guns, and poisons, yet we have no thought of abolishing them. We seek rather to train people to use them rightly. In spite of society's disapproval of premarital intercourse, there are always some youths who indulge in it. The availability of reliable contraceptive knowledge would undoubtedly increase this number somewhat, but the extent to which immorality would thereby be increased is problematical. For those who now refrain wholly because of fear can hardly credit their motives to morality. Moreover, there is no reason to think that most youths are ruled by fear rather than by training and ideals. As Harry Emerson Fosdick pointed out, a generation trained in the right use of birth control will be more likely than their mid-Victorian parents to regard it thoughtfully and make it conform to social welfare.

Several religious organizations have taken an official stand on birth control. In the statements given below it is not intended to imply that all of the adherents of a particular faith have endorsed or condemned birth control because such action was taken by some official body of their organization. Yet the views here given are those of official representatives of our three great faiths, and as such carry more weight than do individual utterances.

1. *Roman Catholic.* The Catholic clergy has long been outspoken against birth control, but not until the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI (December, 1930) was there any official pronouncement from the Vatican on the subject. This utterance completely closed the question for orthodox Catholics, for the Pope declared birth control to be unnatural and *intrinsically* evil, and therefore not to be justified for any reason *however grave*. But restricting the size of the family by limiting intercourse to the so-called "safe period" is permitted. To non-Catholics this seems illogical, for the desired result — the prevention of conception — is exactly the same as when contraceptives are used.

2. *Jewish.* The prevailing Jewish sentiment seems to be favorable to birth control. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Detroit in 1929, adopted the report of its Social Justice Commission which urged the recognition of birth control as a necessity

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in coping with social problems. At the 1930 Conference further recommendations were adopted. In a later statement the Chairman of the Commission, Rabbi Edward B. Israel, asserted that birth control was not only a permissible course for the modern religionist, but a divine mandate, and that church and synagogue should not trail the social conscience on this issue as they have on important social questions of the past.

3. *Protestant.* Perhaps the best measure of Protestant opinion on birth control is the report of the Commission on Marriage and the Home appointed by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The Council is composed of 400 members elected or appointed by the 27 denominations coöperating. The report of their Committee was the result of more than a year of study with the assistance of eminent physicians and psychologists, including leaders from the New York Academy of Medicine. The report declares that sex has a divinely instituted two-fold function; the reproduction of life and the expression of affection and comradeship. The majority report (signed by 21 of the 24 on the committee) holds that "the careful and restrained use of contraceptives by married people is valid and moral." This position is taken on the grounds that "it is important to provide for the proper spacing of children, the control of the size of family and the protection of mothers and children; and because intercourse between the mates, when an expression of their spiritual union and affection, is right in itself." The Committee recognizes that extra-marital relations may be increased by a general knowledge of contraceptives, but holds that a scientific discovery so revolutionary is bound to carry dangers as well as benefits, and that education and religion must teach the proper use of knowledge.

The Balance Sheet

Let us now see where we stand. From the point of view of health there is little question. The great saving in maternal life and the vast benefits to mental and physical health accruing from voluntary parenthood far overbalance any injury to those who still use condemned methods. From the social and economic standpoint the case is almost as strong. Birth control is not *the one* solution of all economic problems, but it will do its full share in the struggle with standard of living, unemployment, child labor, and similar questions. The social loss resulting from some of the élite stepping below the survival line should not be minimized. Both upper and lower classes need educating on the proper use of birth control. But to leave the birth rate of the lower classes unduly high accentuates the difficulty. We need not birth selection *instead* of birth control, but birth selection *and* birth control. In the moral and religious realm emotion is likely to befog vision. But when considered rationally, birth control emerges as a moral gain. Which is more immoral: a limited increase in extra-marital relations, or a million abortions a year; the artificial limitation of births, or the ghastly toll of war caused by population pressure; for a mother to use contraceptives, or let her brood increase far beyond the limit of her physical or financial ability? To those whose religion is truly social there can be but one set of answers to these questions.

Birth control is inevitable. It is not a theory to be accepted or rejected in principle, but a fact already accepted in practice. The question is not *whether* man will use it, but *how* he will use it. It can no more be stopped than can the rising tide. For years this knowledge has been available to the educated and the wealthy, but the ignorant and the poor have been able to get little reliable information. But the demand is increasing with an insistence that will not be denied, coming now from all parts of the world. Commercial exploitation, caring for nought but profit, menaces the social gains of the movement. Shall we turn to our physicians for leadership, or put our trust in the specious claims of mail-order houses? Shall we rely on science or quackery?

Here within man's grasp is power immeasureable. How will he use it? He can close the gateway to life if he will, and sit in darkness awaiting the end. Will he thus destroy himself? Not so long as life is worth living. Such action would give the lie to his resolute upward march from the very dawn of intelligence. Another course seems more probable. He may guard the sacred gate, admitting only those for whom a birthright is waiting. Such would make possible a new physical and spiritual stature, and would grant humanity what would constitute a new charter of freedom.

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MR. ASH
On Politics and Coop-Riders

Drawing by Donald McKay

by **GEORGE WELLINGTON**

DARB WILLIAMS solaced himself with snuff. The operator of a still which had its location near where Skunk Hollow heads, he was at ease in Mr. Ash's back yard.

Mr. Ash, peaceably whittling near the doorway to his wife's kitchen, refused snuff. Mr. Ash was not anti-social in refusal; the moment found his facilities occupied with tobacco in another form.

"Looks to me like the country's slid into another backset," Darb Williams observed. "Aunt Phoebe only sold two pints, and traded one, all last week."

"Seems like I did hear some complaint about the stuff you been furnishin' Aunt Phoebe," said Mr. Ash. "Don't just remember who did tell me; I heard it som'ers. Of course, once a thing like that gits norrated around, it puts the customers in a fix about makin' up their mind. It's a strain when a feller has to mix his licker with doubt. Shows up on him in a stretch of years. Takes some vi'lent, and some just sets there, lookin' fer corners on a circle. Aunt Phoebe's health tol'able?"

"Just tol'able. She's thinkin' of takin' up religion. She swapped the third pint fer a prayer-book."

"Religion is powerful stirrin'," said Mr. Ash. "Still, Aunt Phoebe could always carry licker."

"Oh, she ain't figgerin' to git religion to use it," said Darb Williams. "She's gittin' along to where it's only sense to look ahead."

"You can't just lay up religion," said Mr. Ash. "You got to use it, or you ain't got it."

"Aunt Phoebe figgers it works a good bit like a railroad ticket."

"A heap of people look at it that way," said Mr. Ash.

"The trouble might be in my worm." Darb Williams had reverted to the affairs of his business. "I set my mash same's I always did, but I got to own up, the licker I'm runnin' nowadays ain't what it used to be. Ain't nigh as good. Must be in my worm. You reckon the Demo-

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crats 'll do anything about it?"

"It'll depend a heap on how the election goes," said Mr. Ash. "Once he gits in office, a Democrat's just as apt to su'prise hisself as anybody else. Ain't no su'prise to a Republican."

"I vote it straight Republican, myself," said Darb Williams.

"Oh, you couldn't do nothing else," Mr. Ash assured him. "A feller with money tied up in a infant industry couldn't hardly vote no other way. A person's conscience gits drowsy on election day."

"That's the way I look at it."

"It's only sense," Mr. Ash told him. "People don't always stop to think about the shape all this hollerin' about prohibition's put the Republicans in. A law is only law, but licker is a infant industry. The Republicans has got sacred rights when it comes to motherin' a infant industry."

"Don't never seem to make no difference how big they git; they don't like to see 'em grow up," Darb Williams observed.

"Just a mother's jealousy about the weanin'," said Mr. Ash. "It's the best way in the world to spoil a young un. Many a infant industry goes stumblin' along with its feet tangled in its whiskers, moanin' now an then fer a little paregoric to git itself reconstructed with, when the best thing fer all hands 'd be fer it to hitch on a pair of suspenders and try holdin' up its own pants. There's a power of difference between a toddlin' young un, wobblin' around, tryin' to find its legs, and a brawlin' brat that just sets. The gover'ment ain't got much show when all it gits done is sing lullabies through a mouth full of safety pins."

"Some things has got overgrowed, too," said Darb Williams.

"Growin' ain't all in puttin' on weight," Mr. Ash reminded him.

"Pap! Dolly says kin you fix this here slipper?" Julia Belle Ash stood in the doorway to her mother's kitchen, a soiled satin slipper in one hand, the heel of a soiled satin slipper in the other.

Mr. Ash received the slipper, and its heel, for examination. "Dolly must of been on a twist, to tear it loose like that," he observed.

From where he sat, Darb Williams examined the slipper with the interest of one who had at one time proposed honorable marriage to its owner. "Dolly still ride around in coops, like she used to?" he inquired.

"Dolly's a good bit of a coop-rider," Mr. Ash admitted. "Just bein' young," he added. "Ain't much change in people. A buggy whip used to git about the same results as a gear shift does nowadays. Feller's hand can slip reachin' fer either one."

"People say Dolly is powerful fond of coops."

"The less people knows fer sure, the more they're apt to guess," said Mr. Ash. "Guessin' at the right of things where a woman's concerned is apt to be a good bit of a gamble. A feller ain't got no right to gamble with nobody's name but his own."

"I been thinkin', some, about gittin' me a coop."

"Oh, in your business, you ought to have a coop."

"I wasn't thinkin' about usin' it in my business."

"Snuff don't seem to git along with Dolly's lipstick," said Mr. Ash.

"Julie, you stir around among that rubbage in the smokehouse, and see if you can find the last and a couple of sixpenny nails," he directed his daughter.

"Maw says she bet Dolly got her heel tangled up in the steerin' wheel of that radio feller's coop she went to the dance with, last night," was Julia Belle's contribution. She moved toward the smokehouse.

"I got to git me a coop," Darb Williams muttered.

"That'd throw her on a twist, just like you said, wouldn't it, Pap?" Julia Belle bobbed out of the smokehouse. "'Tain't here," she added.

"Look down in the cellar," Mr. Ash directed.

Julia Belle descended into the cellar.

Gravely, Mr. Ash considered the heel of the slipper. "Yes, sir; it'd put her in a fix," he admitted. "Chances is, when her heel give, she lost her purchase."

"I got to git me a coop," Darb Williams repeated, getting to his feet.

"Dolly's got a powerful good left hook fer emergencies," Mr. Ash assured him. "She gits it from her mother's side of the house."

Next Month — Mr. Ash on the Disadvantages of Good Health.

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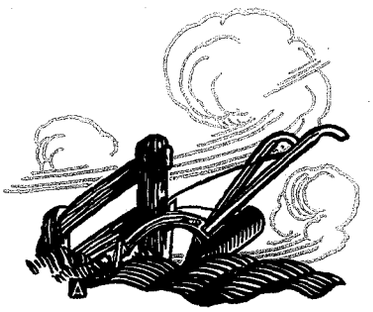
Back to Plain Living

by **ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK**

One Saturday morning last March the world's most amazing financier ended his life in his Paris flat, and we, in consequence, found ourselves without a job. Not only were we without a job, but we were practically wiped out. This at a time, too, when new jobs in our line (mining) simply didn't exist, and when chances of retrieving fallen fortunes were nil.



For a couple of days we allowed ourselves the luxury of complete misery. We assembled our friends and cursed Swedes in general and one Swede in particular. We named the things we had gone without in order to save, we mulled over the joys that might have been ours had we not saved, we wallowed in self-pity. At the end of this period of mourning we arose, our souls purged of bitterness through the violence of our woe, pulled in our belts, and set about to readjust our lives.

Then, for the first time, did I realize how far we — middle-class Americans of moderate means — had wandered from the plain living of our parents' day and, indeed, of our own youth. Since the beginning of the century many things hitherto considered luxuries have become necessities; and during the past twenty years a whole host of contraptions have wormed themselves into our daily lives and remain there as things we are convinced we can't do without. Not long ago an operator in a beauty parlor — a lovely, slim creature with at least fifty cents worth of make-up on her smooth young face — outlined to me what she considered some of the necessities of life.

"My dear," she said as her brisk fingers manipulated my incipient double chin, "my dear, you simply *must* have a permanent wave. In these days a permanent wave is as essential as a radio or a good bootlegger!"

The idea that we, as freeborn Americans, were entitled to these things — these essential permanent waves and radios and good bootleggers and a couple of automobiles for full measure — that we had a divine right to belong to country clubs, to play golf, to go to Europe, to speculate on the stock market, was encouraged by our political leaders and by Big Business. Unlike the Bells of Old Bailey, no one asked "When will you pay me?" or "How will you pay me?" either. We were told by those who should have known better that our extraordinary prosperity wasn't a boom but merely the normal growth of our great commonwealth; so we should buy, buy, buy, and pay when the market went up. And like silly sheep we believed it.

Well, our personal dream had crashed, and we had to face the music. On taking stock we found we had enough left from what had been a comfortable shield against adversity, illness, and old age to see us through perhaps two years. But enough only if we could forget the past decade, treat it as a lovely but unhealthy delirium, and revert to the habits of our forebears — in other words, to plain living.

Cash and Carry, 1932

We drew up a budget.

Rent, the first item on our list, appalled us a bit. Rents haven't come down appreciably, and you must have a shelter over your head.

"We'll get out of town and take a little house," I said. "A cheap apartment is a fright, but you can make of a house pretty much what you want to."

"Yes, but in a house there's a furnace to take care of," responded my husband gloomily. "That means a furnace man."

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"When I was a child my father took care of the furnace," I answered. "He never seemed to be what you'd call crazy about the job, but he did it; and carried out the ashes too."

After rent came food. Food itself is cheap now, but our opulent ideas of what constitute good food and how it should be bought are not, as several failures to keep within our budget taught me. After years of prodigal buying it was not easy calmly to face my delightful butcher and say.

"No lamb chops to-day. Even if you have saved the sweetbreads especially for me, I can't take them. No, not a beefsteak either. A pound off the breast, please, cut in small pieces for a stew."

Nor was it easy to pass up the first strawberries or asparagus and confine myself to dried apricots and spinach — not any easier than it was to ignore the delicatessen or the charming little shop that specialized in homemade cakes and pies, or to forget that mushrooms were a nice supper dish and that shad roe was something that everyone had in spring and that ice cream at a dollar a quart was one of the simplest desserts in the world. And it wasn't easy either to remember that ordering by telephone is a delusion and a snare and a wrecker of budgets.

To keep myself in line I had to hark back to the home of my youth. Our meals were always abundant, they were more delicious than any I have ever eaten since, and I am sure they were economical; for my mother was what was known in those days as a "good manager." Everything was prepared in the house. The Saturday night beans were baked in the oven of the coal range and the accompanying brown bread steamed for hours on the top of the stove, filling the house with its ravishing odor. Bread was set to rise Tuesday and Friday nights, and baked on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Ice cream was frozen at the kitchen door — we children manning the handle of the freezer. Cakes and pies were made by the mistress of the house as a matter of course, and anyone who went in for the bought products was considered "shiftless."

Telephones were not in every house then — if any occasion sufficiently critical to warrant a telephone call arose, we advanced on the neighborhood drugstore — and my mother did her marketing in person. Often have I stood first on one leg and then on the other and writhed under her intimate proddings of chickens and lambs and hindquarters of beef, often have I blushed when she insisted on our kind vegetable man turning a basket of strawberries upside down to be sure the fruit on the bottom was sound, often have I wished she wouldn't make a point of seeing the scales before her purchases were removed. But she got good stuff and she got good prices; and I might add that with all her chores she had more leisure at her own command than I or my contemporaries ever have.

We had expected that the next item on our budget — clothes — would give us little trouble, as we had always prided ourselves on our extreme economy in this matter. Neither my husband nor I ever did possess much chic, and we have lived so many years in mining camps and obscure corners of the earth that we have lost what little sartorial elegance we might have had. Early in life I had formed an unbreakable and devastating habit of buying a coat in the hope that it would be equally smart and serviceable north of, south of, and on the Equator; of selecting a dress that would serve for afternoon teas, formal diplomatic functions, weddings, and, at a pinch, funerals; of choosing a hat that might reasonably be expected not to create a riot when I burst into civilization on our next leave three years later. Yet with all these rather futile stabs at economy, I found on taking count that we had been spending an amazingly large sum on clothes. So many things had slipped into the essential class here too — silk underclothes, silk stockings, bought a dozen pairs at a time, shoes to match different costumes, scarves and necklaces and bracelets and earrings to go with the shoes and gloves and pocketbooks; a regular House that Jack Built.

Then the children simply took for granted what would have made my own youthful hair rise up on my scalp with surprise. The daughter must have a fur coat — "all the girls had them" — and appropriate garments for each of her many sports, and at least three party dresses, and fine, perishable stockings, and half a dozen different varieties of shoes. The male offspring, although still exceedingly frowsy, looked upon doggy flannels, loudish sports shoes, socks and ties to match, and a camel's hair topcoat as his unquestionable

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right. Poor little devils, how could they, products of the Golden Age, even guess that other standards had existed, that life without all these geegaws had been not only endurable but positively pleasant!

Consider the trousseaux of those of us who were children at the beginning of the century. Yet I can't remember that we suffered acutely. We had our party dress, our Sunday dress, and our school dress; we had our Sunday shoes and our everyday shoes; we had our stout cotton stockings for summer and our equally stout woollen ones for winter; and we were considered well dressed. Sports and the separate and distinct wardrobes they entail had not then hit our national consciousness. What sports we went in for — a chaste game of croquet on the lawn, some very mild tennis, a bout of baseball on the back lot — could comfortably be undertaken in our ordinary clothes; and if we went to Coney Island or Long Branch for a dip, we rented nice modest bathing suits built on nautical lines.

Furthermore, we had no qualms about hand-me-downs or made-overs, or if we did, we smothered them; for the youthful spirit was not so militant in that dim past as it is to-day. I do remember my sister retiring to her bed for three days as a protest against her inheritance of a particularly repulsive red and black plaid of mine; but she was a bold soul. As an offset against the anguish of the plaid I remember the delight and excitement of our first pair of silk stockings. I say "ours," although they really belonged to my sister and I was allowed to wear them only on what might be described as epochal occasions; but I know we got more solid joy out of those thick black silk stockings than I have ever been able to draw from my sheerest chiffons.

I'm afraid it's going to be tough sledding to get back even approximately to the clothes standard of the period of plain living, but we're struggling. The budget *must* be balanced!

Down to Earth

"Service" occupied a very unimportant place on our list — in fact it took up only two lines: one, wages for a char to clean us up every week, the other a modest allowance for laundry.

There are four of us, all able bodied, and there seemed no actual necessity for more assistance in getting us through our days. But the first few weeks of plain living were as hard as any I have ever gone through. I am not one of those frail barks whose boast it is that she was brought up to a life of luxury and never had cause to raise her lily hand to any manual task. I can and have done almost any kind of housework imaginable. But during the past ten years I have lived in tents, in staff houses, and in pensions; and while I have probably eaten worse food and slept on worse beds than the average homebody could conceive of, still there have been compensations. I could always have breakfast in bed, I could rise to full, clear days free of distractions and small chores, I could sit through the cocktail hour composed and agreeable, unheckled by goading thoughts of who was to wash up the glasses, whether the dinner was drying up, or the children getting into a passion because we were late coming to the table. So it was difficult at first to spring from my bed at half-past six, to have three meals a day on the table at a given moment, to plan and shop and contrive — always with an eye on the budget. In this crisis, too, I could gather strength from the example of my mother.

When we were children our entourage was a single colored person, known as a "general." She did all the family washing and ironing, the cleaning, and some of the plainer cooking. The rest of the housework was done by my mother, and she had five children, all small at one time. It seemed rather a rotten business for me, with two sizeable children, to whine over my lot. So I dug out a mangy copy of Fanny Merritt Farmer — one of my wedding presents — lined up my offspring and assigned them each a good rousing set of chores, and fell to with fire in my eye. After a brief struggle I found that I was still an excellent cook and that I could accomplish quite as much writing in a well-ordered, busy day as I could in one of my cherished empty ones. And I took pleasure — indeed, I am still taking pleasure — in the spectacle of the astonished Golden Agers peeling potatoes, running errands, leaping with the garbage pail, and washing the dishes.

Schools, our largest item of expenditure in the past, don't appear at all in our present budget. Since the children had reached school age they had gone to expensive country day schools and boarding schools. To our sorrow we

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had found that the actual tuition in these institutions was but a fragment of the yearly outlay. On every bill was an endless string of extras — materials, dancing, athletics, athletic clothes, expeditions, contributions for the needy poor, for wedding gifts or funeral wreaths for teachers, for Christmas gifts for the servants. We spent annually on schools approximately what we have now budgeted as total living expenses for the four of us. My husband and I went to Public School — all the children of our day and circumstances went to Public School. Private schools were looked on as rather sissy. Now, for the life of me I can't see that these children of ours, these products of the best private schools in the country, are one whit better mannered, one whit better informed, one whit healthier than was the average child of the era of plain living. So we put no educational expense in our budget. We simply wrote with a triumphant flourish, "*Public Schools.*"

We didn't put in much for amusement, either. Incredible as it may seem, we have never owned either an automobile or a radio, we have never possessed a bootlegger, and we've never belonged to a country club. This apparent self-abnegation is not a matter of pure virtue. In the high Andes, where we have spent a good deal of our time, we didn't need automobiles — mules were our speed. On account of the altitude, there was no radio reception, which was not a grief to me, as the perpetual fret of a radio has me gibbering in an hour. Having lived where liquor was unrestricted and good, nothing would induce me to drink the foul stuff that my home friends proudly introduce to me as gin or whisky or brandy or Bacardi rum; and the country clubs I have known seem a bit anæmic after the joyous conviviality of mining camp gatherings. So our amusements painlessly simmered down to books, which we hoped to borrow from libraries and friends, a little good but not too expensive music, a very occasional show or movie, and lots of walking.

This is all right for us elders, but I'm afraid it's going to go hard with the Golden Agers until they become accustomed to it. To observe the amount of amusement that the children of this decade can sop up without reaching the saturation point is terrifying. They must swim and play tennis and dance and motor, they must go to football and baseball games and movies and parties, they must keep on the move from morning until night; and if for an instant the pace slackens, that maddening cry — "What'll we do?" — arises. What they'll do, these restless young, if things continue to go as they are going, will be pretty much what we did in our childhood. That is dig out amusement for themselves, and dig it out cheap.

Medical expenses we brushed over as lightly as we did schools and amusements. Urging each member of the family to control himself if he felt the symptoms of appendicitis, hernia, or any other complaint involving an operation coming on, and at the same time to observe the fundamental rules of good health, we wrote in what has been our normal doctors' bill (excepting the years the babies arrived) since we were married — a zero.

The dentist we could not so easily overlook. We had always had our teeth examined and any necessary work done twice a year, and even during a depression as severe as the present one, you can't let your teeth drop out. We are hoping, though, that the dental guild will see the light and work back with us to plain living. When I was a child the local dentist "extracted" teeth at fifty cents a go. The last teeth we had drawn cost us ten dollars a piece. Of course, the fifty cent extraction was painful, but so was the ten dollar pulling.

Those Little Odds and Ends

The real stumbling-block in the balancing of our budget came when we arrived at the item called "Miscellany." I was simply aghast at the endless array of little tidbits that had become grafted on our daily lives.

In the first place there was the beauty parlor. I had got the habit of having my hands manicured every ten days. Every two weeks I had to have my hair shampooed, trimmed, and water waved. Once a month I saw the pedicure. When I was feeling affluent — and in those days but shortly past one usually felt affluent — I would indulge in a facial massage at six dollars a throw, or a course of treatments at the bargain price of five for twenty-five dollars. Then beauty parlor operators have a way of convincing weak customers — and I am uncommonly weak — that certain creams and lotions and rouges and lipsticks will eradicate the devastating onslaughts of time and dash a

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lady verging perilously close to middle age back into the flapper class.

The morning after the suicide of our patron, I made an inventory of my aids to beauty; I did it simply as a means of diverting my mind. There was a very ornamental jar of anti-wrinkle cream, price five dollars; a jar of night cream, at two and a half; a jar of cleansing cream at a dollar-fifty; another jar of pore cream at I forget what; a bottle of muscle oil, at five dollars; a darling flowered box of rouge at three-fifty, lip salve at three dollars for a small jar; powder at three dollars the box; a bottle of astringent for daily use and another bottle of special astringent for special occasions, price best not mentioned; and a flask of Chanel's Gardenia, price also unmentionable.

I can myself remember when such a thing as a beauty parlor was simply not known by the middle-class women of moderate means in America. I can remember, too, my mother's beauty outfit. It consisted of a small white jar marked "vaseline cold cream," and a box of white face powder, which was used so sparingly that unless it was tipped over by a child, as not infrequently happened, it lasted a full year. My mother is now over seventy. She has a skin so soft and fine that it puts to the blush most of us younger women, and a crop of white hair that falls below her waist and which to this day she personally shampoos.

But beauty parlors weren't our only pitfalls. We had all got into the way of buying a lot of stuff simply because we were told by their artful exploiters that we couldn't get along without them. Cigarettes that were kind to the throat, tooth brushes that were sixty per cent more effective, the soap that protected us against what people might say about us, the preparation that guarded us against colds and dandruff and saved us from having the canary as our only friend, the tooth paste that removed that unpleasant film, all had us in their clutches.

Once when the children's second teeth were coming in, I asked the most prominent dentist of my home town what toothpaste he would advise me to use.

"None of the standard brands will do any harm," he answered, and as he smiled I noticed how white and clean-looking his own teeth were, "but as far as I personally am concerned, I've never used anything but common table salt in my life. Nothing is more cleansing or better for the gums." We are using table salt and balancing the budget.

Another stumbling-block on our path back to plain living is relearning the fact that if you buy a thing, you have to pay for it. Ten years of taking flutters on the market on a very thin margin, of buying this and that for a small sum down and a series of deferred payments that were guaranteed to be painless, have made us all a little loose in this matter. One of the most harrowing experiences of my life centered around a cameo ring which I purchased on tick for a nickel from the wily daughter of a saloon keeper. The jewel probably came out of one of the prize packets so popular in those days, but it was a lovely and desirable thing to me, and the task of accumulating the nickel seemed small as compared with the ecstasy of owning the treasure. But in my life a nickel was a nickel — five round cents — and for every one of those cents I sweated blood. I didn't dare show the ring at home, as my finances were an open book and to acknowledge that I had not paid for it would be tantamount to avowing thievery; and I had to advance on the village — we lived on Staten Island at the time, and West New Brighton was still called the "village" — stealthily and by obscure paths for fear of meeting the chill eye of the publican's daughter. Eventually I paid my debt, and then and there swore never again to deviate from the narrow path of cash on delivery.

But during the Golden Age I forgot all about my cameo ring and the agony of paying for it; and now I'm learning over again.

And learning is more difficult at forty than it was at eight. Indeed, to us elders the march backward entails many things that leave a bitter taste. In youth poverty is a novitiate, a preparation for the race; in middle life one is a little terrified by the thought that it is the taking of final vows, that the race has been run.

But the mad merry-go-round of the past ten years couldn't continue without hurling us all to destruction, and if our struggles succeed in heading our young toward plain living and sanity, they will not be entirely in vain. Even the shot fired that March morning in a Paris flat may in time be looked on as a speeder-up of the crash that had to come before the change, and so take on some small share of virtue.

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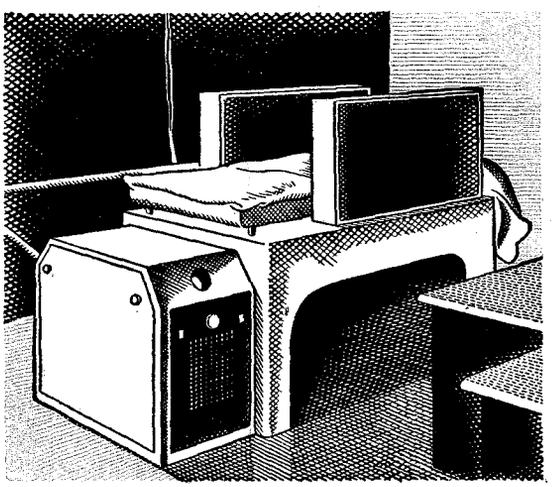
The Pale Horror

IV — Electrical Science Joins the Battle



Drawings by Alexander Kahn

by **PAUL DE KRUIF**

I

WAGNER-JAUREGG had often talked to his friend, Kyrle, of this fundamental: that the earlier you gave paretic people their malaria fever, the better chance they had of coming out of this sad insanity. But that wasn't enough to satisfy the strange old Austrian. Old-fashioned, Wagner-Jauregg was really super-modern.

He kept hinting to Kyrle of the remarkable things that might happen if you fevered people who were only threatened with paresis, who were in that pre-paralytic time when their syphilis was latent, when the pale horror was sleeping.

What Wagner-Jauregg kept insisting was that it would now (with malaria) be infinitely easier to prevent general paralysis than to cure it. This, he kept dinning at Kyrle, was the real future of the malaria fever. There was something more than a little hair-brained about the old alienist's notion. What it boiled down to was this: that Kyrle would have to persuade people who felt reasonably healthy that it would be wise for them to get very sick, right now, in order not to become fatally insane, five, ten, maybe twenty years in the future.

Kyrle wasn't maybe as drastic as Wagner-Jauregg, but just the same this snub-nosed, bearded, round-faced young man had bold eyes that looked out from under the broad brim of his rakish hat. He wasn't one of that complacent majority of syphilis experts who believed the best thing about the pale horror was that you couldn't have it twice. Kyrle was a radical in the great clinic of Professor Finger of Vienna and believed it was safest to shoot folks just short of murdering them with Ehrlich's 6 o 6 — to try to wipe every last spirochete out of them. In that famous clinic, Kyrle had seen plenty of thousands who'd come, bitten by the pale horror. He'd watched them leave — thoroughly treated — feeling much better. He'd watched them come back, looking reasonably well maybe, but with faces drawn with vague worry. He'd watched them

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leave (again thoroughly treated) with bright faces only to come back, worried again. It was galling. And yet —

Yet could anybody get such forlorn people to consent to a shaking up that was so terrible as malaria, on a gamble that they'd then be healthy in the future? When without that risk they might worry along for years, as reasonably well as they were right now?

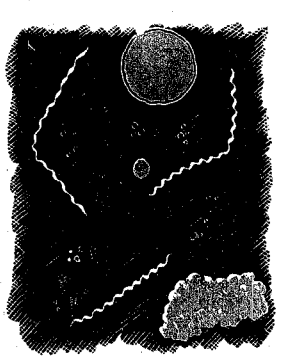
Wagner-Jauregg kept suggesting it, with no great enthusiasm from Kyrle. After all it was easy for the old master to talk — he dealt with none but folks at the end of their tether. . . .

II

THEN one day — they were climbing a mountain together — Kyrle turned suddenly to Wagner-Jauregg and told that gnarled old man that he'd really begun it. Kyrle had been driven to start it by a tragic crew of threatened ones who'd come back and back and back to him at the Finger Clinic. Outwardly it would be hard to say that any of these were really sick. Inwardly they were, every one of them, waiting for a most horrid to-morrow.

All of this forlorn band of maybe doomed ones were witnesses of the scientific marvelousness of the Wassermann test that little Jules Bordet had invented. In the blood of some of them, in the spinal fluid of all of them, this test showed — positive. They were really remarkable patients, and their faith in Kyrle and the rest of them at the Finger Clinic was touching. They'd let this drastic Kyrle load them down with enormous doses of 6 o 6, of mercury, of bismuth. They'd stand for his punching his needle again and again through their backbones. Their one evidence of not being rid of the pale horror was Kyrle's word for it that the clear fluid that dripped through his needle out of their spines — showed positive!

Jules Bordet's science was truly remarkable — and in what other single one of all the miseries of men did you have a test so absolutely prophetic? In the days before Bordet and Wassermann all these people would have been dismissed as cured or as at least "arrested" cases. Only, a month, a year, ten years later suddenly to be cut down with a quick stroke of paralysis, or unbearable nauseating agony in their stomachs, or slowly going blind, or suddenly seeing things double, or lost memory, or manic notions that they were financiers —



That was the way it used to be before Bordet, but now Kyrle could prophesy such dreadful dooms for them even while outwardly they seemed healthy. The pale spirochetes were by far too few to be found even by such a hawkeye as Fritz Schaudinn. But here was the Wassermann (and other delicate tests to support it) to tell him that a few of these feeble but dangerous pale devils were lingering in the nerve tissue of these folks' spinal cords and brains.

From ten thousand exact records of the Finger Clinic, it was scientifically undeniable that these folks whose spinal fluid tests showed positive were the real candidates for the doomed army of the daft. It was Kyrle's bitter experience, that the more resistant these tests were to the almost murderous successions of shots of 6 o 6, of mercury, of bismuth — the more sure these wretched people were to return, finally, shambling with locomotor ataxia, groping with failing vision, trembly-lipped with nervous breakdowns that were the beginning of paresis. For a long time Kyrle had followed Wagner-Jauregg, and had even used that gaunt old man's tuberculin fever to try to help along the futile 6 o 6. But malaria? That was too drastic for folks not yet *in extremis*. But weren't they, even if their extremity lay years ahead?

It was a dreadful business. It was weird the way so few of these lingering corkscrew microbes, secretly gnawing in the linings of the little blood vessels of these folks' brains, could turn their nerve stuff into something so flaccid, so utterly without vitality. Why should these few pale, feeble marauders be so much more murderous than when they'd swarmed in teeming millions all through these folks' bodies at the beginning of their illness? Well — it was an enigma. It had baffled searchers more highbrow than Kyrle — who was after all a plain skin-doctor trying to keep folks from going crazy and dying.

Well — he had tried everything in his power, excepting —

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III

HERE it was 1922 — and Kyrle, by the use of I don't know what dire warnings, what cajolery, had got a gang of these people who were pseudo-healthy to stake their present lives in a gamble. There was never a doubt it was a hazard, because plenty of the daft ones burning with Wagner-Jauregg's malaria had up and died before sanity had been burned back into them. Now these people — just on the strength of those positive spinal fluid tests — offered themselves to Kyrle. Now he gave them successive shots of Ehrlich's safe 6 0 6 that bears the number 9 1 4. Then into the hospital and then malaria. He let them pass through eight to ten of the terrific rigors of that stormy sickness, shaking their beds with terrible chills, burning with the worst of fevers. Then quinine to chase the malaria microbes. Then a succession of shots of this 9 1 4, "neo-salvarsan," once more. It was a curious business of sandwiching the fever in between Ehrlich's arsenic bullets.

The remarkable events that now followed began to crack the enigma of why Ehrlich's bullet wasn't always magical. They'd come out of their malaria, almost skeletons, having lost twenty and even thirty pounds of weight, washed out and nearly washed up —

But they'd hardly got over their fever after their doses of quinine, they'd hardly had so much as one shot of the neo-salvarsan immediately following the malaria, when they felt weirdly different. As the days went by, one and all of them began feeling mysteriously stronger. Before the malaria, they'd dreaded those shots of neo-salvarsan which only seemed to poison them but never cure them. Now they welcomed the powerful drug — each succeeding shot of it seemed now to have in it an entirely new, life-giving kick. They all felt that peculiar upward soaring of their total condition that old Wagner-Jauregg had noted in a certain proportion of his paretic daft ones who'd got sane again. Now Kyrle knew it wasn't only their positive spinal fluid Wassermann tests that had kept them coming back to him. Better than the most delicate lab test a mysterious feeling of something awful hanging over them had kept these poor devils coming. Then neo-salvarsan — malaria — neo-salvarsan, and they felt new-born. . . .

Kyrle couldn't write you the exact chemical formula for it, but now he understood it. Ehrlich's arsenic bullet was no good unless the bodies of the folks you shot it into could help that bullet hit the spirochetes. The terrific malaria fever had (God knows how) changed the whole pitch of these folks' bodies. In them there'd taken place a chemical somersault that now let the neo-salvarsan get in its spirochete-smashing wallop. The arsenic wasn't enough. *The human body itself must join in the death fight.* . . .

Now time went on, and as these people began experiencing the miracle of feeling, once more, as they had in the old days before the pale horror had bit them, all the tests that showed their brain stuff to be tainted, grew weaker and weaker. At last many of them were as completely negative as they'd been before the dreadful spirochetes had first sneaked into them. It was something unheard-of. No drug had ever done it. Did it mean that the malaria had given the death-blow to the last lurking spirochetes?

Anyway, so Wagner-Jauregg himself told me in the summer of 1930, of the hundreds of these "Wassermann-fast" people that Kyrle gave the combination treatment, of the hundreds of these so definitely threatened — not one has so far come to the Psychiatric Clinic with general paralysis.

And, curiously, these rescued people hadn't taken such a terrible gamble. When he began it, Kyrle knew that many a general paralytic snuffed out suddenly — heart unable to stand the strain of the fierce malaria paroxysms. But these folks with their insanity marching ahead to sure death, had known it was a chance worth taking. But in these people in whom the pale horror was still latent, while the malaria was a dreadful experience — yet it was rarely mortal. Only two had died.

It was his own sad experience, plus plain horse sense that now led Kyrle forward. Or really, when you come to think of the topsy-turvy history of it, he was led back and back closer to the start of the loathsome sickness. Just as the old master, Wagner-

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Jauregg, had found the earlier he gave his doomed crazy ones the malaria, the better chance there was to salvage at least part of their damaged brain stuff —

IV

So now, Kyrle found that the earlier he lighted the malaria fire — sandwiched between Ehrlich's salvarsan before and after — the more completely this combination treatment wiped out every sign of the pale horror. What now began in Vienna was almost as incredible as Paul Ehrlich's original dream — when he'd hoped, in 1910, that one shot of his magic bullet 6 0 6 might wipe out every spirochete for always. I have no notion what was his art of persuasion, but here was this remarkable Doctor Kyrle, actually cajoling unfortunates in the first year of their syphilis to submit to the ordeal of this purification by the malaria fire. With the fanatic sureness of an apostle, only more subtly, he convinced them that when you have this ghastly trouble, it's your future not your present the doctor must think of guarding. He kept explaining to them how, once their sickness had got past the first stage of its entry, those spirochetes penetrated swiftly, boring back and forward, lashing, poisoning, sneaking into every nook and cranny of their bodies. Till the walls of the tiniest blood-vessels inside their bones and brains were shot with the spiral devils. Then no drug alone, not the most expensive specialist, could promise them safety from its last horrible consequences.

What now happened surely gives the lie to the low opinion many doctors have of their patients' (especially poor patients') intelligence. Hundreds of these charity patients at Kyrle's clinic now consented — for their futures — to take this new hard road to possible perfect healthiness. These, mind you, were all in the first year of their sickness where drugs might still have a chance to cure them. So now: six shots of neo-salvarsan. Then hospital and the heroic ordeal of malaria. Then salvarsan again — right after.

Out of better than two hundred to whom Kyrle gave this one course of the new "sandwich" treatment, all excepting three had every last sign of syphilis wiped out of them. Even the extremely delicate Müller test — twin of our own wonderful Kahn test — could detect no trace of the pale horror in them. That was in 1922, and now, ten years after — none have relapsed. And of the three who relapsed in the beginning, all three had refused, after the hell of their malaria, to stick with Kyrle for their after treatment, for their shots of Ehrlich's bullet that was now really magical. . . .

Kyrle, alas, had died in 1926. That Bohemian-looking man, debonair in his broad-brimmed hat, had passed on too soon to taste the triumph of his dangerous experiment. Yet, even now, we must be cautious in predicting. For the scourge of the pale horror is of all human miseries the most lingering, the most tenacious. Yet, each year that goes by for these people, without relapse, makes their "cure" more sure of being lasting. And in 1930 Wagner-Jauregg, way past seventy now, telling me this story of Kyrle in the dimness of his study in Vienna, ended with this marvelous fundamental —

"Not one of all these hundreds has ever come to the Psychiatric Clinic with general paralysis."

V

Kyrle had got this result from just one course of treatment — it was unheard of, revolutionary. It was an enormous saving of time, of money, above all, of the years of gnawing worry and disappointment of the old days. It took away the real danger of the long poisoning with enormous doses of arsenicals that used to be given — too often in vain.

But, alas! Kyrle by some personal necromancy had succeeded in convincing a few hundreds they should take the gamble. But who is going to get the suffering *millions*, in the early, less desperate stages of the loathsome sickness, to go to hospital, to face the ordeal of the malaria fire — for their healthy futures? Who is going to convince the rank and file of doctors that this is fundamental to the wiping out of the pale horror? And even if they could be convinced, how, practically, is the malaria virus going to be kept going everywhere, ready to inoculate? You can't grow your malaria in glass tubes like ordinary microbes. You have

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to keep it alive, shooting it from one human being to another. And even if you could do it, how many people, threatened as they already are with unemployment, chained as they are to the economic treadmill — how many could take the time off for their stay in the hospitals? Alas — it's Utopia.

But, just as the pale horror has so often tricked its victims and disappointed the hopes of men who have fought it, so from unexpected quarters new men have risen to fight it. The unexpectedness of each succeeding discovery is what makes this saga of the pale horror, of all modern death fights, the most romantic. The man who now arises to give the fever treatment of Wagner-Jauregg and Kyrle its real chance to help suffering millions is no doctor but only a physicist, really an engineer.

This new fighter of the pale horror is Whitney, who has found a new fantastic electric fever. In a room in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company in Schenectady — where Whitney's director — certain engineers tinkered at a maze of radiotrons, rectifiers, and other electric gadgets that go to make up a short-wave radio transmitter. The buzzing of this electric monster had no life-saving purpose. It was intended for more powerful sending of news of disaster, blah of politicians, degenerate cacophony of jazz orchestras, simperings of radio crooners, to Australia, Alaska.

Just from being in the room while this powerful high frequency oscillator hummed, the engineers got hot. They didn't have to touch any part of the apparatus. They only had to be bombarded by the invisible waves of its terrific energy to get really feverish.

Whitney was no doctor. But Whitney saw the point of it. Here was a new kind of fever. Here was electric fever. Here was fever you could snap on with a switch. Here was fever that, maybe, you could dose exactly — with an ammeter.

VI

You'd say Whitney, not being a doctor or even a biologist, had no business meddling with anything so strictly medical as fever. But he was like that old breed of researchers of the Renaissance who'd delve into any corner of the unknown. He was one of that rare modern breed who are just beginning to arise to deliver us from our idiotic academic specialization. Whitney knew this: that a man named Wagner-Jauregg had healed hopeless paretics with malaria fever. He simply jumped to the common sense conclusion that it was the *fever* of the malaria that had the healing power against the pale horror. He hadn't poured through our best textbook of the History of Medicine to find not a single word hinting that fever, itself, might be nature's way of fighting sickness. His medical ignorance was a real help to him. . . .

Now here were Whitney's young helpers putting this and that rodent in glass battery jars between the electrodes of one of these radio transmitters — and by switch and ammeter getting exactly the degree of fever flaming that they wanted — all the way from one or two or five degrees above normal, bearable, to 112 degrees and over till those beasts' ears were burned and tails frizzled. The point was you could hold it in the bounds of safety. . . .

And here were the microbe hunters, Carpenter and Boak, called by Whitney, putting rabbits infected with the pale spirochete of Schaudinn into glass battery jars between the short wave radio transmitter's rubber-covered electrodes —

These rabbits tainted with the pale horror sat huddled there calmly while fever, snapped on with the switch, was controlled in them by the ammeter. It was not enough to kill them. *It was enough to frizzle every last pale spirochete that gnawed in them* —

VII

Of course, you're ahead of my story, now. You're saying — of course, the thing that then was done was simply to repeat the experiment of Wagner-Jauregg and of Kyrle, giving sufferers in the early stage of syphilis the sandwich treatment of Ehrlich's salvarsan and fever. With this wonderful improvement, this electric fever, this new *radiothermy* — so Whitney named it — would replace the fever of the terrible, the poisonous, the difficultly controllable malaria. But alas —

You'd have thought great research found-

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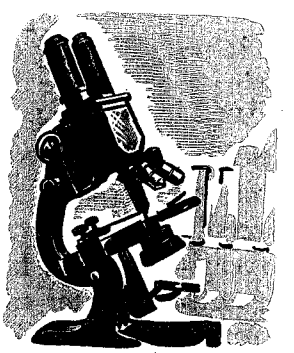
ations, university hospitals, knowing the pale horror to be, along with cancer, the chief killer, the arch-sapper of human life stuff, would have grabbed at the chance to use fever, this oldest but just discovered death-fighting weapon of nature. Now that you could turn it on with a switch and dose it with an ammeter—

But human progress is rarely so direct and simple.

Logically, Carpenter had lighted this safe new fever fire in rabbits *before* the pale microbes had got a good foothold, right after he'd infected them, before the sinister ill's first outward eruption. It had worked brilliantly.

Wagner-Jauregg and Kyrle both knew, and had insisted over and over in their scientific papers, that the earlier in the loathsome sickness you use Ehrlich's arsenic bullets, *made magic by the malarial fever*, the greater your chance to wipe it out completely.



You'd have thought that men against this death would have jumped at the chance now, everywhere, and would have put two and two together. As long ago as 1929, Whitney's electric fever was common gossip in academic circles. And surely some of our pale horror experts, at least, must have read Kyrle's final paper — published as long ago as 1924 —

But the history of man's fight against the stealthy sickness has always been topsy-turvy. So here's the new fever, stoked up by the radiotherm, having to prove itself (just as did malaria originally) against the last most fatal consequence of the pale horror's gnawing.

Carpenter (who was still at that time only a physician to certain of the "lower" animals, and a doctor of philosophy) first took the chance of lighting the electric fever in human beings. He went to New York then, and at the Psychiatric Institute of the Medical Center taught Dr. Leland E. Hinsie, the psychiatrist, the mysteries of the new electric fever. Together they gave the new fever its most desperate test — on already doomed paralytic humans. . . .

What happened to the first nine paretic wretches Wagner-Jauregg first dared to inoculate with malaria, happened now with Whitney's radiotherm. It proved that Whitney — layman as he was — hadn't been so simple about thinking that it was simply fever that was the important part of the malaria treatment. It was a terrible test of his idea. In these paretics the spirochetes had been lurking, soaking, adapting themselves to the bodies of these folks for years and even decades. Yet the fever stirred the bodies of many of these human wrecks (without the help of salvarsan) to wallop the spirochetes!

Yes, it was just the fever. Here came news about another type of short-wave energy, called diathermy. You could fever paretics with this diathermy, too, by energy shot from jacket electrodes strapped round them — not so simply as Whitney's radiotherm —

But both these fevers sent about the same proportion of daft ones home, sane. It was about the same percentage Wagner-Jauregg's malaria had given back their reason and their proud job of supporting wives and children.

Of course, it hasn't been medical complacence that has kept the electric fever from spreading like wildfire. It hasn't been exactly a picnic for people when they're put in that weird coffin-shaped box of celotex for their fever. They perspired in rivers. The electric energy arcing across the sweat pools has blistered them and while that mightn't matter to folks manic with paresis, the sheer discomfort of it might keep away people in the earlier stages of the pale horror.

That's just about completely taken care of, now. A middle-western engineer, inventor, ingenious fixer — he is an extraordinary, simple, salty-talking searcher — looked at a poor devil sweating and uncomfortable in the diatherm —

"We'll shoot some hot air in there to cool him down," this fixer said. So he set his air-conditioning engineers to working. Now, when the short-wave radio fever begins to boil the sweat out of these people in their box of celotex, they're air-conditioned in there. A gentle current of dry air sweeps over them. It is air heated to 260 degrees, Fahrenheit — forty-eight degrees above the boiling point. Evaporating their sweat, that hot air makes them feel cool and comfortable. No longer must they perspire in rivers and suffer the risk of being blistered.

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VIII

So now here's practical, comfortable electric fever — just about ready. Like malaria it stirs up a new mysterious chemistry in the sick people whose bodies have been sapped by the long secret working of the spirochete. Unlike malaria this electric fever isn't a strain on the hearts of these people. It doesn't load them, poisoned as they already are by spirochetes, with added toxins from the microbes of malaria. It's *controllable* — snapped on by switch and dosed by ammeter. By an ingenious method of putting back into them the water and the salts they lose in their perspiration, they're so little weakened by the fever ordeal they don't even have to stay overnight in hospital —

Now who'll repeat the experiment of Doctor Kyrle? That shrewd lamented man complained because he couldn't use Ehrlich's arsenic bullets right along with the malaria. It was impossible, because salvarsan destroys the malaria microbes and so douses the fever. But nothing is simpler than to sandwich 6 o 6 injections between these bouts of safe electric fever so they can work together.

So here are the weapons, ready.

Will doctors expert in this sickness set out — now that they can do it — to begin to obliterate this horror that along with cancer is one of the two worst scourges of humanity?

You've heard how Schaudinn, Bordet, Wassermann, Kahn, have given them the power to spot its lurking.

Will they use the fantastic artillery that Ehrlich, Wagner-Jauregg, and Whitney have put into their hands?

Will they use the friendly fever that really makes Ehrlich's arsenic bullets magical — not only against general paralysis? Will they use it early?

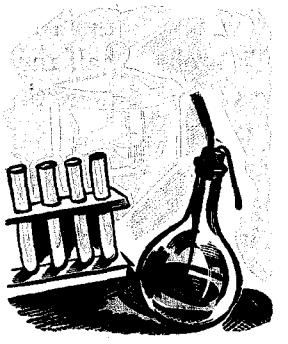
In millions around us to-day the spirochete is hiding. It waits for its final bite, its mortal stab, that shows up (innocently) in mortality statistics as death from "disease" of liver, kidneys, heart, blood vessels, nerves, or brain— and rarely under its true name.

In New York State alone (so says Salmon) just one of these last consequences — paresis — brings death to one in every nine who die between ages forty and sixty.

Will death fighters arise to prove that all these, and many more, deaths can now be prevented?

Will they remember that, up till now, all their efforts have only lengthened life in the mass by making a dent in the mortality of the first years of human life?

Do they realize that here — for the first time in death-fighting history — is their chance to crush an enemy that waits stealthily for the kill of its millions, most of whom are beyond age forty and in the prime of living?



This Concludes Paul De Kruif's Series on "The Pale Horror."

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What Shall I Teach?

by **LEROY BURTON**

I WALK up the steps of the simple yet impressive building described in local Chamber of Commerce pamphlets as "Our New Million Dollar School." Around its still unopened doors are grouped a few early comers of the 1500 laborers in this modern educational factory. Grudgingly they make room for me, for I am one of the foremen — I am a teacher. As I pass, I hear a giggle and a snicker, and I wonder whether the joke is a private one or whether they have spied the rent in my trousers that my wife darned last night.

Still wondering, I hurry in and close the doors behind me. After checking in at the office and securing the key to my room, I go to my desk to get my notes ready for the day's recitations. I am twenty-seven; a college graduate who has laid away among other souvenirs his Phi Beta Kappa and Pi Kappa Delta keys, and his varsity letter. This is my sixth year of teaching Freshman English and History, and I now have a salary of $1450 for ten months' work.

Soon the master time clock rings the synchronized bells on the four floors of the building, and the mass of pupils come trooping tumultuously through the halls. I receive my quota of the laughing, shouting horde, which quiets at the sound of the final bell. The roll called, I begin my daily grind of trying to get the younger generation to say "he doesn't" instead of "he don't" and "isn't" instead of "ain't." These boys and girls are adept in the use of such errors because they have learned them at home; yet my predecessors taught the parents the correct usage a generation ago. Undaunted, I try again.

Suddenly one of the students who has a high intelligence rating but who as yet has failed to show an equivalent grade in English grumbles under his breath in a disturbing fashion.

"What did you say, Harry?" I ask.

He gathers courage and, half surlily and half defiantly, blurts out — "Why do we have to study this stuff anyway? I don't see what good it's ever going to do me."

The room grows silent. Will "Old Man Burton" squelch the rebel, or will he answer? The pupils hold their breath, and when they realize from my preliminary pause that I recognize the legitimacy of the query they all move forward in their seats in anticipation.

I am not surprised at the question; all boys and girls everywhere are asking it to-day. I know that these same students have asked it of their Latin teacher, and I can guess the answer she gave them. I can imagine her chilling, dogmatic statement of supreme and infallible authority, "It helps you to get a good job" or — time-honored refuge — "It is good training for the mind." The teachers themselves have been given this reply by their superiors for so long that they have finally come to believe it, and they in turn pass on the same saccharine words of wisdom to those pupils who are bright enough to wonder what it's all about.

The question is a disconcerting one, but it undoubtedly deserves an answer. And what can I say? What good will half I teach ever do this roomful of boys and girls? What good has half the material taught in public schools ever done the pupils?

Two Traditions

MY CHARGES come to me each day from over a hundred homes. Few of them come because they want to; most of them are here because they are sent by parents who have had few opportunities for education and who as a result have seen jobs taken from them by younger and better-trained men. To them, knowledge has seemed a fairy key to success, and they are determined that their children shall possess it and avoid the hard life they themselves have had. So they skimp and sacri-

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fice; hence the million dollar building, myself, and the faces before me.

If I asked the fathers and mothers, "What would you have me teach your child?" a great many of them would answer, "Teach him a trade, teach him something that will enable him to get a job and draw good wages." They wish their children to know the "how of things," to acquire the facts and then manipulate them to material advantage. This has led to the introduction of sewing, woodworking, metalworking, printing, drafting, and so on into the school curriculum. It is the vocational tradition, and it struggles with the classical tradition to dominate our high schools.

The classical tradition is upheld by my superiors, the superintendents and the educational leaders of the country. They say teach the student a broad view of life; teach him the "why of things" rather than the "how." They say teach him the principles of the past and let him make his own conclusions as to the future. Teach him Latin, geometry, history, and literature so that he may train his mind and incidentally learn "the good life," the life that develops leisure activities.

The high school includes, as it must, both of these differing techniques of pedagogy. Some students will go on to college, so they must be taught languages. Others will have to earn a living at once, so they must be taught the rudiments of a trade. And yet, in spite of this difference, both types of students are asking about the to-morrow for which we are presumably preparing them to-day. Our answer is that the one should learn Latin, the other mechanical drawing, and that both should study conjugations, simultaneous linear equations, and Shakespeare. The answer does not convince them; they still ask what connection these things will have with their lives fifteen years hence.

And they are right in so asking, for the blanket treatment which we hand out to them is unsatisfactory for the present and blind to the future. Both the vocational and the classical traditions presuppose a static world, which ours is not; and neither is sufficient even for our world to-day.

The vocational trades that we teach in school are woefully elementary and inadequate. Out of the sixty-seven trades listed by one trade-union, only a scant dozen are ever taught in school; which leaves the future members of the other fifty-five to be trained — where? If we train printers, why not telegraph operators; if we train automobile mechanics, why not airplane mechanics?

This is perhaps a minor defect, but it serves as an introduction to a major one. We know from history that our civilization is changing more quickly at present than that of any previous era — with the possible exception of the progress made by the Egyptians in the hundred years following 3000 B.C. In some fields of human achievement more transformations have taken place in the last fifty years than in the whole history of civilization. One generation has witnessed the development of the telephone, the radio, the airplane, the use of poison gas, the automobile, and the revolution of human modes and manners that they have produced. What will the next generation see?

For the student studying the vocational course in our high schools to-day, all this means that perhaps the world when he grows up will have no use for the trade that he is now learning as a youth. Many of us to-day can recall the passing of the blacksmith and the carriage builder, and the coming of the garage and the automobile mechanic. That a similar change is going on about us at present is self-evident. We are even now training carpenters for a civilization that may have no need of them. What trade can we teach a boy to-day that will guarantee him a living thirty years from now? What trades will the world thirty years from now require and support? All of us can guess, a few can predict, but no one knows. But meanwhile we are training boys and girls in jobs for which there is a need to-day (sometimes — what trade is not overcrowded?) but which may be unnecessary and superfluous by the time they have grown up and are ready to put their knowledge into practice.

Nor is the classical tradition exempted from the penalties imposed by our swift progress. Before he is prepared to meet life, the philosophy learned by the student of to-day will have been outgrown and discarded as inadequate. The theory of independent nationality, the ideals of handicraft production, the aristocratic ideal — all have been swept away or are crumbling in the life of one generation. The same generation has seen a civilization riding

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the crest of the industrial revolution into a maelstrom. Even to-day our classical education has been unsuccessful in its aims. Its avowed purpose is to give the individual culture through giving him perspective. Yet Latin as it is taught now is merely mental gymnastics comparable only to the futile brain-struggling of medieval scholasticism. Rare is the high school student who can speak French or even read it intelligently after four years devoted to its study. As "training for the mind" such study may have its value; yet I cannot but believe that school, instead of being a remote accessory to life, should be a part of life itself.

The classical tradition sufficed for four generations — or a hundred years — of aristocratic education. It does not suffice for the mass education to-day. The vocational tradition is newer, but even it takes no thought of a changing world. Yet on these two routes, neither adequate for to-day and both ignoring to-morrow, the student gambles one way or the other.

An Obsolete Code

Aside from the classical and vocational traditions, there are larger questions of spiritual values which have become and are becoming obsolete, yet which we continue to teach to our children.

Since their inception the schools of America have taught the capitalistic system. For generations they have taught the ideals of the middle class, the sacredness of property, the need for promptitude, the value of loyalty, the rewards of faithfulness and thrift, and the necessity of obedience to the wishes of one's employer. They have told our youths that if they worked hard, saved their money, settled down and had families, success and independence would surely be theirs.

Down to the present time those promises have largely come true. We have developed a great middle class that has formed the backbone and is the stabilizing factor of our American civilization. One of the great strengths of the middle class was its lack of definite boundaries. Any laborer by thriftiness could save enough money to set himself up in business; and with reasonable care he might ultimately retire as a capitalist, living on the income provided by his stocks and bonds. This ladder was climbed by thousands of the laboring class all over America during the last century. The American tradition of poor-boy-to-millionaire became established, not only in Alger thrillers but in life.

As a consequence, every laborer supported the middle class ideal of the sacredness of property, because some day he might hope to achieve for himself the same position. The laboring class was deprived of any leaders who might have raised the flag of revolt, because the most able of such potential leaders escaped into the middle class from generation to generation. The middle class in turn supported the capitalist because each of its members might reasonably hope in some measure to become a capitalist. The present docility of the unemployed and the general hostility to Communism or anything "Red" is probably due to the thoroughness with which our schools have taught these ideals.

We continue teaching them as our fathers were taught them, and yet the world is changing while we do it. Even the middle class that has dominated our civilization for so long is undergoing a significant change. The great corporation mergers, the holding corporation, the non-voting shares, the chain systems are rapidly abolishing the small store owner. The fiasco of October, 1929, has greatly disturbed the ambitions of many of the middle class to become capitalists. Furthermore, as the natural resources of the country become more generally exploited, society becomes more static, and it is increasingly difficult for the proletarian to join the bourgeoisie. As this occurs, the bold and adventurous of the laboring class will remain in it to form its intelligent leadership. As class consciousness develops, we may expect in this country a labor party comparable to those of Europe.

Meanwhile what of the ideals of the middle class, of capitalism, which we have taught for over a century? Can we continue to teach them — faithfulness, loyalty, thrift, and the rest — to boys and girls who have seen what these boys and girls sitting in my room have seen? My school is in an industrial city of 100,000 in the middle west. My pupils have seen their own fathers, who have been faithful, thrifty, prompt — everything we are teaching their children to be — yet who must now walk the streets and beg for bread. They have seen a steel mill that ordinarily employed 6000 men

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purchase new machinery until it could retain the same volume of production with only 2000 men. They have seen this same mill lay off the 2000 men two weeks before Christmas, and then two weeks after Christmas hire them back at wages cut one-third. During this enforced vacation these same children heard their fathers read in the newspaper how the same mill earned and paid greater dividends during the preceding three months than ever before in its history. About the same time that the men were notified that they could come back to work, the magnate who controlled the mill purchased a $100,000 plaything for his nineteen-year-old son.

We have taught thrift to our pupils and in less than a year they have seen four banks, including one of the largest in the state, close their doors. They have seen whole families that had lived a lifetime of frugality, in order to provide for their old age, suddenly become destitute. So earnestly have we teachers taught thrift that 20,000 school children had deposits totaling over $100,000 in one of the banks that closed. They have seen the remaining banks refuse to pay out more than ten per cent monthly of the savings accounts on deposit, even though people had to appeal to charity as a result.

We have taught our pupils the ultimate ideal of owning a home, and for the last two years they have beheld an average of four pages of their newspaper periodically filled with notices of sheriffs' sales. I have a boy in my room whose father moved to this city ten years ago. He purchased a home for $7000, paid $2000 as a down payment, and without missing or being late a single payment paid $40 monthly until recently when he was laid off. He was delinquent three months, and owed less than $500 on his home, when the bank foreclosed. The president of the same bank was the general-in-chief of our last community fund drive, and the newspaper carried daily on the front page a column written by this man on the benefits of charity.

My pupils have seen all this and more; they have seen these things and their results with the clearheaded simplicity of sixteen and seventeen years. And with the savage intensity of youth they have learned to hate. What shall I teach them of thrift, of honesty, of faithfulness, of justice, of brotherhood?

The Blind Lead the Blind

I have seen the same things that my pupils have seen, and when they doubt the middle class code that I teach them, what can I tell them? No — we have gone on generation after generation teaching as we were taught, following a deep and well-worn rut, until, as Roger Babson says, our educational system is a huge machine traveling from sheer inertia but going — no one knows where. We have closed our eyes to world changes of the last fifteen years. Old maids and old men grimly ignore these transformations and go on dealing out educational material which may have fitted our fathers for life, which may even have fitted us to a certain degree (though in view of our present plight, that is doubtful), but which can hardly be expected to help the boys and girls who will face a new world.

Other teachers, frankly bewildered, stick helplessly to their textbooks, and leave thinking to those few who are brave enough to think. When some rebellious youth tactlessly asks "Why?" when told to study a Latin declension, they give the same old answer — "It trains the mind" or "It helps you get a job." Some few of the educators are trying to reason their way along, but their endeavors are isolated and are regarded with suspicion.

And in spite of all this, the children still come, serious even in their smiling, laughing in their defiance, and earnest in their questioning. They storm our walls of tradition and come to me and other teachers wishing to know certainties about the Promised Land which lies outside their school yard: and we know only uncertainties. With the mechanical progress of a thousand years condensed into fifty, with life changed while we were just preparing ourselves for the old order, with a material civilization running amuck — what shall I tell them of the morrow?

Dare I teach my pupils as I was taught? Dare I repeat the platitudes I learned? The children themselves have judged the position of their parents, and have found it wanting. Shall I again hold out to them the ultimate goal of universal financial success? Their parents are — many of them — broken, defeated; and I find nothing with which to reassure them that their children will be better equipped to face the problems of life.

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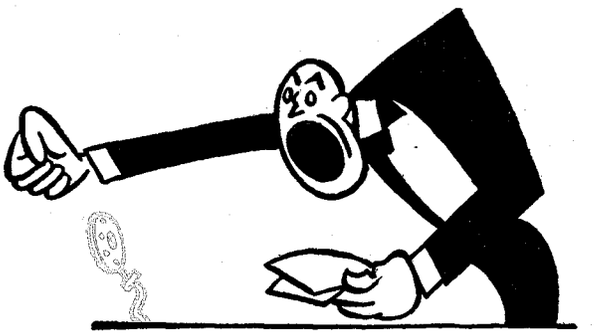
Radio Reviews

The Winter Season



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by CYRUS FISHER

THE MORE I listen to our current radio fare, the more I am convinced that we are confronted with a kind of entertainment stemming directly from those charlatans of the past who profitably mingled a sale of their nostrums with farces and comedies of extraordinary popular appeal. No one connected with the business of radio need blush at such a heritage, for this theater of the people, as it has been called, possessed a vigorous and lively tradition of successful entertainment.

The radio seems to have adopted this laudable and time-honored method of public exploitation. The winter season programs commented upon below are no exceptions. Radio productions holding to the tradition of successful entertainment or dramatic or informative material of value, almost invariably reduce the exploitation to a minimum. Fortunately for the listener, the broadcasts permitting longwinded commercial twaddle nearly always appear to be maladroit in handling their entertainment. There is one consolation. At least we have the sustaining programs as final recourse, which is more than the wandering mountebanks ever offered our ancestors.

AMATEUR NIGHT

Columbia Guest Revue, with new talent including Kay McKay, Lucille Peterson, Winnie Shaw, Ann Lester, Barbara Worth, Caspar Reardon, Roy Smeck, and William O'Neill. These are supported by Freddie Rich and his orchestra. Continuity and production by various members C.B.S. New York staff. Sustaining program; no advertising. C.B.S. 5:00–5:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Every Thursday.

Until the Columbia Guest Revue appeared it was difficult — due to timorous sponsors and crowded schedules — to offer many with talent a chance to appeal directly to the radio audience. For the sadistic soul who attends amateur nights, the Columbia Guest Revue will prove an interesting venture. For those others in the radio audience, there will be extremely entertaining moments and some of pure agony. In the first programs, Miss Barbara Worth proved she had a refreshing and sympathetic contralto voice, which I venture to predict we shall hear again.

I am also inclined to cast my vote for Mr. O'Neill, although his first appearance could not be called wholly successful. When he was presented during the first half of the period he registered a few sour notes (or my receiving set betrayed him). The arrangement of the Columbia Guest Revue is commendable; each artist appears twice, which gives each artist two chances to make good. In the last fifteen-minute period, Mr. O'Neill proved that he had something more than a baritone voice. He quite redeemed himself — so well that he has received almost an entire paragraph, which should flatter him immensely and cause him to charge a future sponsor at least a third more. I hope he does.

NO PROLETARIAN VOICE

American Labor and the Nation, with Frank Morrison, John L. Lewis, James Maloney, Chester Wright, James Wilson, Thomas Howard, Daniel Tobin, Thomas Flaherty, Philip Randolph, and

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Paul Scharrenberg. Presented by Spencer Miller, Jr. Sustaining program; no advertising. C.B.S. 1:00–1:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

This series started September 4 and ends November 6. It is mentioned here because the idea behind the series is laudable. Although "American Labor and the Nation" is offered to the radio audience as an accounting of organized labor in United States presented from the labor point of view, the sentiments are strictly limited to those of the old-fashioned labor leaders and no one seems to have given any consideration to the emergence of the organized Socialistic and Communistic labor groups. Although I am neither Socialistic nor Communistic in my political views, I have heard leaders of both these groups deliver talks which were far more dignified and coherent than any of the futile optimisms and half-concealed and exceedingly apprehensive threats expressed by some of the gentlemen so far appearing in this series. It is unfortunate that none of the speakers selected was unemployed. Perhaps a man with an empty stomach could tell us facts that would make us think.

Time Races

The March of Time; large dramatic cast with Ted di Corsia, Frank Readick, Ted Bergman, Jack Smart, Charles Slattery, Pedro de Cordoba, Marion Hopkins, and Ray Collins. Harry Von Zell, announcer. Breen, production. Stauffer, direction. Everitt, continuity. Nichols, sound effects. Sustaining program. (After November 4 sponsored by Time Magazine, Inc., which controls and produces sustaining program.) C.B.S. 8:30–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

The March of Time is a case in point where the success of a program is due more to the merged abilities of the production staff than to a group of actors and musicians. Thomas Breen and Donald Stauffer have taken Mr. Everitt's brilliant continuity and, helped by a large and conspicuously able cast, have made a surprisingly exact and dramatic reënactment of contemporary history and life.

As a program it is divided into approximately six sequences, each three to seven minutes in length, recreating the major news items of the past week. The sponsored programs do not start until after this issue of The Forum appears, so it is impossible to indicate the advertising time. If the same form of commercial announcement is retained from the broadcasts of last spring, as I understand is being contemplated, the listener will not be likely to notice any changes in the program — so intelligently and unobtrusively will this material be worked in. Attention is drawn to the commercials of The March of Time, because they were a high example of legitimate and unobjectionable sponsorship.

I have yet to hear a more poignant illusion of background than the one expressed in one six-minute sequence in the very first broadcast of this season. The radio audience was introduced to a Salvation Army picnic. As the scene opened there was a gentle flowing in of Salvationists singing after their supper. And in the midst of this tonal staging, faintly above the other voices, came the high, slightly off-key soprano, so inevitable, so familiar in every Saturday night's street corner revivalist service. The whole picture and atmosphere of this scene immediately expanded before you. Such scrupulous fitting of minor details as this are responsible for The March of Time having smoothness and coherence.

I make no attempt to marvel at the imitations of voices of public men. I am not so certain that the imitations are completely successful, except for the casual listener. At times, Mr. Ted di Corsia may produce an illusion of President Hoover speaking, but Mr. William Adams's Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Frank Readick's Mayor Walker, Mr. Charles Slattery's ex-Governor Smith, to name only a few, seem to be more the results of perfect settings than of faithful reproductions. And I am also inclined to the belief that the shaping of exact settings is an infinitely greater accomplishment than the mere copying of other men's voice idiosyncrasies. It is probably as much an accident of nature as it is due to skill that Mr. di Corsia has been able to develop some of the audible symbols of President Hoover. But it is skill, and even more than skill; it is intelligence liberally sprinkled with genius which makes The March of Time what it is.

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Popular Chromos

Iodent Program, featuring contralto Jane Froman, supported by Roy Shield's orchestra. Charles Lyons, announcer. Names of production staff withheld. Sponsored by Iodent Chemical Co. 2 minutes, 45 seconds' (crowded into a 15-minute program!) advertising time. N.B.C. Chicago studios to WEAF network. 4:00–4:15 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

The entire program is built around Miss Jane Froman, one of a number of good radio contraltos, and an orchestra of routine competence. Miss Froman's voice does not merit any disparagement. But I do wish, sometimes, I could understand what she is singing. Her diction is no better than that of most radio singers. As an experiment I offer one phrase exactly as it came over the air: "Iz maw tha' napapa—(drawn out)—sz; iz m'yuv—ryth'n-n!" Perhaps you can make it out. Even if final endings are great nuisances, they should be sung no matter how great a star the artist is.

The Armour Hour, with featured soprana Edna Kellogg, piano twins Rose and Berquist, and male quartet which is not identified by sponsor although it fully deserves equal recognition with the featured names. Vincent Pelletier, announcer. Names of production staff withheld. Sponsored by Armour Company. 2 minutes' advertising time. N.B.C. Chicago studios to WJZ network. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

I like programs which start out with a rush, unhampered by any comments from the announcer. Not until after the Armour program is going ahead at full speed does the announcer intrude, and then only for short instances, not long enough to break the continuity. There are a number of smart arrangements. The piano twins set a break-neck pace and the male quartet is not afraid to attempt amusing trick numbers. If you feel bored next Friday night try The Armour Hour. Although why the announcer calls it The Armour "Hour" when the time is only thirty minutes, I am unable to explain.

The Old Singing Master, with women's trio, Helen Janke, Mary Tibbett, and Helen Young; male quartet, Fred Vettel, Willard Amison, John Quine, and Emerson Williams; and William Stickles' orchestra. Harry Frankel, announcer and master of ceremonies. Names of production staff withheld. Sponsored by Barbasol Company. 2 minutes, few seconds' advertising time. N.B.C. WJZ network. 10:15–10:45 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

Seven harmonious voices, ably assisted by Mr. Stickles's orchestra, give a new lease on life to popular songs of the past, along with a few of to-day. There seems to be a vogue for the melodies of the last three decades, and given modern arrangements they compare favorably with the most inspired recent compositions. Harry Frankel manages to tie the program together by relying upon his personality to cover the defects of a heavy burden of talk. The question might be advanced as to whether or not masters of ceremonies are absolutely necessary. Personally, I should prefer to have Mr. Frankel's well-intended efforts reduced to a businesslike minimum and receive another song from the women's trio.

Aunt Jemima Songs, featuring Tess Gardel in her vaudeville rôle of "Aunt Jemima" with Fred Berrens' orchestra. Fred Uttal, announcer. Jean Hight, production. Sponsored by Wyeth Chemical Co. 1 minute, 5 seconds' advertising time. C.B.S. 2:00–2:15 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Miss Tess Gardell is better known on the vaudeville stage than through her radio work for her synthetic delineations of a Negro mammy. Most of her applause, as I remember her act on the stage, came when she surprised a delighted audience at the finale by lifting her wig and proving that she was after all a member of the great white race. The radio audience is unable to witness this pretty dénouement. As a result, until television becomes commercially practical, I believe the average listener may prefer other singing voices on the air which do not depend so much upon a visible climax; Miss Barbara Worth of the Columbia Guest Revue, for example.

And November 8

Election Programs, with C.B.S.'s Frederic William Wile, Edwin C. Hill, and H. V. Kaltenborn; and N.B.C.'s William Hard and David Lawrence. Sustaining news programs scheduled by both major chains during latter hours of election day.

The election day programs are the result of an important news-service function assumed by the radio chains. There will be running commentaries on the returns, including switch-overs to such political key centers as Boston, Chicago, and Washington, as well as New York. Needless to say, the political comments, as usual, will be colorlessly impartial, but because the technical efficiency of the two major chains makes it possible to disseminate the important news almost instantaneously, you will find your radio an important adjunct to the day of November eighth.

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Three Important Predictions

By A. W. WETSEL

—and the third may prove to be the greatest of all

ON September 2nd, 1929, A. W. Wetsel clearly pointed out that the upward movement of stock prices was exhausting itself and the next major movement would be down — precipitately down. It was not a popular prediction and for some weeks there were many scoffers. After the first drastic break of early October the scoffers disappeared but there were a few skeptics left. It might have been a lucky guess. Others asking for advice immediately after this break were told there would be a substantial rally and were also told at what prices to get out on that rally. It occurred and they got their prices. It then began to dawn on many people that there was something more than guesswork in connection with a Wetsel prediction.

But at any rate that was important prediction No. 1.

Following that, Mr. Wetsel confined himself to his own clientele and from technical analysis repeatedly pointed out turn after turn of short and intermediary duration. Then came April 15, 1931. Probably this was in many respects the most critical point in the entire bear market. The early months of the year had witnessed an upswing which extended to business and commodities and had inspired economists, business men and many others with the belief that THEN was the time to buy — and many did buy. After a few weeks of receding prices a hardening period set in lasting for 11 days and further confirmed confidence in many to buy. Mr. Wetsel then dictated a special telegram reading, "Market absolutely hopeless — sell all trading and investment holdings."

And this prediction was not popularly received — but it proved to be important prediction No. 2.

Prediction No. 3

Now, on July 7 the A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service covered its last "short" position. On July 9th we began to buy stocks on a broad scale. Mr. Wetsel stated that a turn was imminent and furthermore stated exactly what the *nature* of the upturn would be — namely: (1) that the turn would take place suddenly, (2) that the market, in terms of published averages, would not spend much time around the low point, (3) that prices would advance persistently — if not sharply, (4) that practically all stocks would share in the recovery, (5) that second and third rate issues would appreciate proportionately more than high grade stocks, and (6) that securities would advance substantially before business actually improved . . . that business could not and would not improve until securities advanced.

Why This Record Is Given

This record is here given to show that there is a great deal more known about WHEN to buy and WHEN to sell than is generally supposed.

But the importance of this knowledge lies, *not* in picking out high spots, as in the case of the above three outstanding predictions — but in being able to forecast short and intermediary price movements with consistent accuracy. It is only through such knowledge that investors can abandon weak and ineffective policies which have caused them losses and enable them to turn with confidence to a flexible or scientific trading policy as a solution to their problems.

What was NOT Predicted

It is important therefore to carefully discriminate between what Mr. Wetsel *did* predict and what he did NOT predict. He did predict the down turn of 1929 and its nature. He did NOT predict a three year bear market. He did predict the turn from July 9, 1932, and foretold its character accurately. This enabled clients to obtain full advantage of the upturn. He did *not* predict that this would mark the beginning of a sustained bull market.

Such long term predictions, in our opinion, are utterly impossible to make and, what is more to the point, they are unnecessary. If one adopts a flexible trading policy and is consistently correct on the short and intermediary swings the Long Pull takes care of itself.

True Conservatism Achieved by Action

In this and in no other way can rapid recovery of capital be obtained, and real protection be assured. In more ways than one the informed trader is simply the most conservative of investors — he achieves conservatism by action instead of inaction. This intelligent way of regarding the business of investing is dealt with clearly and courageously in an article by a member of the staff of the A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service entitled — "How to Protect Your Capital and Accelerate Its Growth — Through Trading."

It has probably done more to help people divest their minds of the fallacies and half truths which are really responsible for their losses — and to give them a working grasp of the positive philosophy which makes for success in investing than any piece of writing that we know of.

Methods That Protect and Produce Results

This article shows that you need not wait to enjoy the benefits of correct investment management — it shows why you need not fear further market declines or even possible failures on the part of corporations — but on the contrary how you can put these methods to work for your protection and gain — *at once.*

Fill in the blank below and we will send you "How to Protect Your Capital and Accelerate Its Growth — Through Trading" without obligation.

NOTE: On October 22, 1931, Mr. A. W. Wetsel and essential members of his staff resigned from and severed all connection with the Wetsel Market Bureau, Inc., and established a new organization which has afforded investors the continuation of Mr. Wetsel's investment and trading services. The A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service is an organization standing for independent investment counsel and has no connection with any other organization whatever.

A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service
1546 Chrysler Building
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without obligation, article "How to Protect Your Capital and Accelerate Its Growth — Through Trading." FM

Name.....

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THE Chief IS STILL CHIEF

Fastest and most exclusive train to

California

only two nights enroute

THE SANTA FE

is the shortest Line Chicago to California

YOU

and your family can live very inexpensively this winter in California and Southern Arizona.

Hotel and Apartment rates have been reduced. Perhaps you would like to rent a bungalow and enjoy your own rose garden.

Phoenix Pullman on THE CHIEF this winter; also a Pullman to Grand Canyon.

The Famous Fred Harvey Dining Cars on both The CHIEF and CALIFORNIA LIMITED are **AIR-CONDITIONED**—"all the way" the year 'round ... No dust ... No smoke ... No cinders.

All-Expense Tours—this winter

Mail This Coupon

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1121 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Send folders and "California and Arizona Hotel Rates" booklet.

Name_____

Address_____

Santa Fe

How I Shall Vote

(*Continued from page 261*)

STRUTHERS BURT

Even if I were not more or less a Democrat by allegiance, I think this year I would vote the Democratic ticket. I have many reasons. I am not enamoured of Mr. Hoover. Admitting his virtues, none of which are political or inspiring, he seems to me timid, obstinate, irritable and secretive. Surrounding him are, as a whole, the poorest advisers a President has ever had. He was elected largely because he was "a business executive" not "a politician," he has turned out to be one of the smallest-time politicians we have ever had in the Executive Chair.

That is reason number one. There are ten others I have not space to mention, but reason number two is that I wish to get Prohibition out of politics. Anyone who votes the Republican ticket under the delusion that he, or she, is doing the same, is singularly self-deceived.

I was not a Roosevelt man in the Primaries, but it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt grows with success, just as Mr. Hoover has diminished.

Jackson's Hole, Wyo.

EDWARD A. BLOCK

America has the technical knowledge and the material resources to make it a Utopia in which no man or woman willing to work need ever be destitute. At least 10,000,000 are unemployed to-day; 8,000,000 farmers have been dispossessed. This depression is not permanent, but our present economic system carries within itself the seeds of "bigger and better" depressions.

By their very nature, the Republican and Democratic parties cannot and have not grappled with the underlying causes of depression. The Socialist party does realize that something is fundamentally wrong, has outlined a practical program to remedy these defects and I shall therefore vote for Norman Thomas.

San Francisco, Cal.

M. I. MCCREIGHT

It would take reams to show why I should vote for Hoover and as I am limited to a hundred words it will be much simpler to show why I should not.

This nation was made great by the Common People. They lived, labored, and prospered under individual effort and competition until the country became a world power.

Then Big Business sponsored by Big Finance got control and ruined it by building giant Industry, giant Transportation, giant Merchandising, giant cities, giant Politics, and government — in all of which Mr. Hoover was guiding spirit and principal director.

With aid from the world's "experts"

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and in control of banking and credits, himself the organizer and guide in world commerce and trade, with experience and reputation as the Engineer supreme — it took but a few months to strand the Ship of State. After three years' experimenting — but I've exceeded my space just as I was about to say that we should all vote for Will Rogers. He is half Indian and wears moccasins, and he couldn't help himself out of the mire by tugging at his own bootstraps.

DuBois, Pa.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I do not know for whom I shall vote. I dislike the tariff policy of the Republicans, their foreign policy, and their economic conservatism. I am sympathetic with the general policy of the Democratic Party but distrustful of its sincerity. They need a leader. Roosevelt may rise to meet the responsibility of the office, but is he willing to cope with organized minorities? Will he oppose the Bonus? If Thomas had a party I should vote for him, but a unified and effective third party is as important as a candidate.

New York, N. Y.

SIDNEY S. LENZ

I have always voted for a Republican President, but in November, if I vote at all, it will be for Roosevelt.

The Prohibition situation is my bête noire. The crass idiocy in diverting billions of dollars from the National Treasury to the bootleggers and their political beneficiaries would be laughable, if it were not pitiful.

If the present administration can do nothing about it, I am in favor of giving the other party a chance.

New York, N. Y.

GERTRUDE BRYAN LEEPER

When I vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt in November I shall do so with thousands of other Arizonans who believe that the country needs more business and less politics in its administrative government.

Because living has become a strenuous business and platitudinous promises do not provide food and pay taxes men and women are studying the relativity between the government and their personal affairs and are demanding action. There is a solution to this economic disaster, and I believe that the Democratic party, with its basically sound policies, will build a lasting prosperity, under the leadership of Roosevelt.

Phoenix, Ariz.

RUBEN LEVIN

My vote goes to Norman Thomas. The Socialist party alone in this campaign presents a program of any adequacy to meet the industrial catastrophe in which we have been thrown. The old party statesmen still chant the phrases of yesterday; their platforms, almost as alike as two peas in a pod, are masterpieces of side-stepping and trumpery. American individualism, I believe, has run its whirlwind course; collectivism is the beacon of the new age.

Milwaukee, Wis.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

My vote in November will be my personal protest against the corruption, inefficiency, and arrogance of the last twelve years of Republican administration. But, in the absence of a genuine Liberal party, it is difficult to know whether voting for Roosevelt or voting for Thomas is the more effective way of registering one's protest. It (my vote) will be for one of these two, but I have not yet decided which.

Princeton, N. J.

JOSEPH P. POLLARD

I shall vote for Governor Roosevelt. His views on social legislation, supported by his achievements in New York State, will guarantee an administration helpful to the solution of our economic ills. A cheerful liberalism is more in keeping with the needs of the day (to say nothing of the

Bothered with

NEURITIS?

■ Does your tri-facial nerve sometimes howl? Or an arm ache like the tooth-ache? Or a knee complain just as you're trying to drop off to sleep?

Maybe you ought to take those wandering nerve-pains to a doctor. Or, are they only caffeine-aches?

Caffeine, the drug in ordinary coffee, increases the uric acid in your system . . . and excess uric acid aggravates neuritis.

Should you give up coffee? No. Just try two weeks of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee. This is a blend of finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees,—with the caffeine 97% removed. Drink all you want. Drink it morning, noon, night. Watch your uric-acid condition improve. Notice how much better you feel. But you'll still be enjoying coffee to your heart's content.

Ground or in the Bean . . . Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Vacuum packed. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back.

Sign, Tear Off and Mail This Coupon Now!

Try Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee. Buy from your grocer. Or, send 15 cents in stamps for a can of Kaffee-Hag. Use this coupon.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag (caffeine-free) Coffee. I enclose 15c in stamps.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Street
City
State
FRF11

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UNAIDED BY FIRE ENGINES

The New Hydrants Shot Water Above the Roof of *'The Bank'*

As The New York Evening Post was going to press on May 23, 1832, one of its staff noticed a great crowd gathered in Wall Street. "In a few moments a jet of water rising above the roof of the Bank of New York apprised us of the cause," he wrote in the next day's issue. ¶ It was the Fire Department testing the new hydrants lately placed in that quarter. To the wonder of all, the stream of water, "with a force fully equal to that of a fire engine," rose above the roofs of the tallest houses in the street—which was then lined with three and four story buildings.

SINCE its founding in 1784, a cardinal policy of this Bank has been to maintain a personal relationship between its clients and its officers. Here banking is a personal matter; each client receives individual attention, and senior as well as junior officers are readily accessible at all times. In the field of Personal Trusts this institution offers a unique record of continuous experience and a reputation for stability and conservative management. As it has never engaged in the distribution of securities, it can devote impartial thought to the selection of investments best suited to the needs of each client.

BANK *of* NEW YORK *and* TRUST COMPANY

Established 1784

48 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

New York Clearing House Membership Number One ★

Uptown Office: Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

How I Shall Vote

spirit of democracy) than any forced departure from "rugged individualism." Business in distress wants government aid; let them get it for the purpose of aiding everybody, and let them get plenty of regulation with it. Lower the tariff, tax all in proportion to their capacity to pay, and let everyone resume their pursuit of happiness with the aid of a drink. These things Governor Roosevelt will bring to pass, and still leave room for profits in the upper brackets.

Colorado Springs, Col.

GEORGE WELLINGTON

I shall vote for Franklin Roosevelt. It will be a vote of protest. I live in Pennsylvania.

Having been in power the greater number of the country's years of development, the Republican Party cannot escape responsibility for the major portion of the country's governing laws. These laws foster so many abuses that I am led to believe some may not have been conceived honest in intent. So far as I am concerned, the thief under the law is the lowest of thieves. He has not the excuse of impulse; he is seldom dogged by necessity. I do not care for men honorable only in the letter of the law.

I rather like this country; I like its people. Every so often, I come on **one** who is doing his damnedest. Myself not being a stirring sort of fellow, I am able to admire without grudging. Have too much ego to envy. So, it may be, even, that I love the Republicans, that, in casting a protest vote, I have in mind the safety of a beloved's neck. My understanding is that guillotines are never quite out of style, are, usually, quite final.

La Belle, Pa.

HARVEY N. DAVIS

At present I think I shall vote for Mr. Hoover for two reasons:

1. I think he has kept his head very well during these perilous times and has done some constructive thinking on the depression.

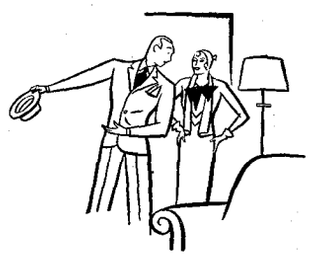
2. I very strongly disliked the way in which Roosevelt repudiated the League of Nations, presumably at the demand of William Randolph Hearst.

On the other hand, I have been very favorably impressed by the way in which Roosevelt has handled the Walker matter. I think that will make a lot of friends for him.

Hoboken, N. J.

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

We are living in a machine age, politically as well as industrially, and the political machines are no more concerned over the human misery they spread than are the machines built of steel used in our industries.



"Only $3 for all this?"

You'll be surprised, too, when you see how much luxury and convenience you can enjoy at the Hotel Lexington for as little as $3 a day.

And here's another fact that'll make your expense account beam with gratitude—it costs only $1 a day more for two persons at the Lexington. A room which is $3 for one, for instance, is only $4 for two persons.

HOTEL LEXINGTON

Grand Central Zone, Lexington Ave. at 48th St.

NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, Gen'l Manager

Ten Million Story Plots

— all different — can be built around any idea with the aid of the Plot-Robot Genie. Endorsed by editors and American Fiction Guild — widely used by successful authors and the story departments of Motion Picture Studios — priceless aid to new writers. Write for full information today. No obligation. ERNEST E. GAGNON CO., 780 Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

FORUM FINANCIAL SERVICE

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address Editor "Downtown"

THE FORUM

441 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

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Let's talk turkey

DECLARE a moratorium on bother and fuss, come have your Thanksgiving in Chalfonte-Haddon Hall and Atlantic City. If that reliable appetite is jaded, the tonic air will whip it to a keen edge.

A brisk walk along the Boardwalk in the morning. Golf on one of our nearby courses. Or perhaps a ride on the beach. Dinner . . . and such a dinner! . . . at your own family table. That's a real Thanksgiving. Turkey . . . and no trouble. Festivity . . . yet no confusion.

An exhilarating week-end, full of many pleasant hours. For besides the stimulating out-of-doors there are game rooms, squash courts, health baths, entertainments, in the hotel. And there is the homelike spirit that makes people come with their families year after year to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. ***Winter rates, lowest in years.*** **Write for literature.**

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

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How I Shall Vote

Under our political system, the men we elect to public office can only punch the time clock, while the political machines go on turning out the things the bosses designed for them.

So long as the American people are content to be mere voting cogs in the political machines, I feel no urge to name my choice for President.

New York, N. Y.

WILLIS J. BALLINGER

My vote is still in doubt, though I am leaning toward Roosevelt. I am sick of European diplomacy, the League, and Internationalism. I want a candidate politically and economically "American-minded." I am told that President Hoover is cured of Europe. If so that is excellent. Economically, Roosevelt is discouragingly "world-minded." If elected, however, he may change his mind. Wilson condemned protection out of office and supported it in office. It would be suicidal for us to lower our tariff to Europe at present. The fact that Roosevelt is supported by ex-Senator James A. Reed and the Hearst papers is re-assuring about his alleged League sympathies.

As a doctor of domestic business I think he would prove superior to President Hoover. It is no use merely patching up the system. Narcotics are not in order. Now is the time for a little much-needed surgery. I refer to the mal-distribution of income due to exorbitant and unearned profits and the dislocative injuries of speculation. Roosevelt has his eyes on these evils. That is fine. If uncorrected in the future, recovery will be only temporary. Roosevelt represents a sincere anti-Wall Street leader who promises to attack the abuses of capitalism intelligently and constructively and thereby to save it. Undoubtedly he will be swept into office.

Williamstown, Mass.

DAWN LOVELACE

Like Dreiser, Steffens, Anderson, Dos Passos and others, I fail to see wherein there can be any relief from the unemployment and social-economic chaos under the established order. Hence, I will vote for William Z. Foster, Communist candidate for President, as a further means of eliminating the selfish indifference of capitalist leadership toward the suffering of the exploited working class and impoverished farmers. I am convinced that the Communist Party offers the only way out to the increasing unemployed millions, and the ultimate solution to the problem which our civilization faces.

Portland, Ore.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

I shall vote with enthusiam for the recall of Hoover. As the obvious means of recall, I shall vote for Roosevelt. The new

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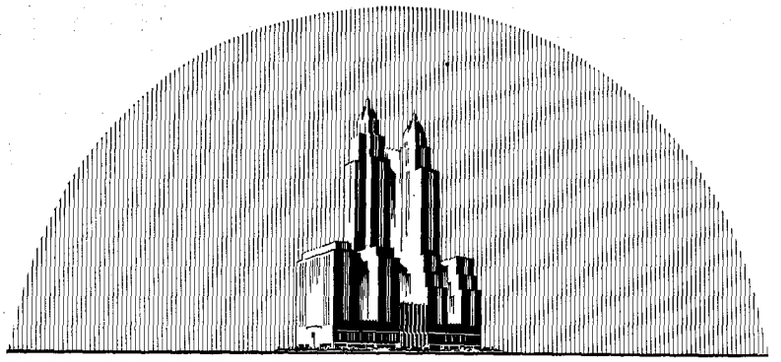

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35 QUESTIONS — 36 ANSWERS. An interesting booklet which attempts to anticipate your questions about independence fund trusts and answer them. Prepared by Independence Fund of North America, Inc., 1 Cedar St., New York City.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION. A description of the history and development of the corporation, location of properties, and the financial statements of the holding company and its subsidiaries. Pacific Lighting Corp., 433 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN. A 24-page illustrated booklet which tells how you can retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a guaranteed life income of $100. a month, $200. a month, or more. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., 694 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CAPITAL AND ACCELERATE ITS GROWTH. When to buy and when to sell — an interesting discussion of these questions from the technical viewpoint is presented in this folder. A. W. Wetsel Advisory Service, 1540 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue **New York**

How I Shall Vote

birth of political satire in our drama and literature was Hoover's outstanding accomplishment in his first two years of office and it was, of course, a gain; but the persistently two-voiced policy which bred the satire lost its charm for me when, right on top of the elaborate Federal exposure of "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement," we had the criminal Federal assault upon the "B.E.F." There is some logic in the claim that a vote for Thomas, at once protracting Hooverism and recording a protest, might speed the catastrophe; but one who regards that event as economically inevitable may center with free mind upon the splendid immediate chance to rebuke political four-flushing.

New Brighton, N. Y.

DR. CHAPMAN J. MILLING

I'm voting for Roosevelt because I feel that the Democratic Party still stands for greater opportunity for the average man. Republicanism fosters monopolistic enterprise, imperialism, and unfair distribution of wealth. While I cannot intelligently claim that the Democratic Party is untainted with these stigmata, its record, however sullied, seems to be cleaner than that of its rival. Furthermore, it disapproves of a destructive centralization of government; denounces a suicidal tariff policy; and stands squarely for the repeal of an obnoxious constitutional amendment which has created a veritable army of new criminals and almost brought ruin upon the country.

Columbia, S. C.

MARY AUSTIN

Never have I felt so much in need of an immediate and effective executive program, signs of which are notably lacking in all the candidates. Mr. Hoover seems too deeply committed to the status quo ante, and too little apprised of the intellectual reality behind the existing crisis. Mr. Roosevelt fails to convince of executive power, and I am not persuaded that the substitute for our present financial system offered by Mr. Thomas is soundly workable. The first man who reasonably proposes to equate our financial system with our productive efficiency gets my vote.

Sante Fé, N. M.

DONALD REA HANSON

I intend to vote for Herbert Hoover for President, believing that his splendid emergency policies, such as the moratorium on international debts and reparations, the constructive National Credit Corporation and Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and his leadership and support of the Federal Reserve credit policy, have been instrumental in saving this country from a collapse from which we would have been decades in recovering.

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How I Shall Vote

His diligent effort to maintain the national credit by balancing the budget despite an obstructive Congress, and his firm stand for sound Government by vetoing the soldiers bonus bill and insisting upon economy in Government warrant the endorsement of the nation.

Boston, Mass.

ARCHIBALD C. EDWARDS

Although Governor Roosevelt arouses scant enthusiasm, and Mr. Garner fear, I believe I shall vote for them in November. Governor Roosevelt seems opposed to the myopic, epidemically poisonous tariffs we have lately enjoyed. Categorically, at least, he is a statesman rather than a business promoter. His plans for reforestation in New York show greater cognizance of our fundamental agrarian ills than did President Hoover's price-watering Farm Board. And he appears less hypocritical in the matter of the eighteenth amendment.

Finally, I wish to vote for my traditional party just once before I am old and cynical.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

ETHEL HEPBURN

In response to your query, I am not voting for any candidate in the November election.

As to why; I have no mental reason. Just a feeling that the whole process is remote and of no importance to the lives of the people, to my life.

A protest vote — for a Communist candidate, for instance — appeals to me as reasonable if you are an earnest person. Otherwise, at present simple non-participation seems most plausible.

Mound, Minn.

DALTON TRUMBO

My vote will go to Mr. Roosevelt, neither because I admire him excessively nor because I condemn the President. Quite aside from the quixotic injection of prohibition into the campaign and the commitment of both parties to economic reform, the continuance in power of one political organization over a long period menaces democratic government. The army of federal employees is too vast, the temptation to forge reciprocative alliances with powerful minorities too great to permit a sixteen-year monopoly by any party — particularly during times which witness everywhere the rise of dictatorships and the subsequent abrogation of private rights.

Los Angeles, Calif.

TOM JONES PARRY

Machinery and the division and specialization of labor, whether of hand or head, together with increasing population and the disappearance of our frontiers as safety outlets for those put out of economic adjustment, have, perforce, created a condition of economic interdependence.

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How I Shall Vote

This intricate interdependence challenges us to create a political economy fitted to its needs. Because our two large political parties have failed to accept this challenge, preferring to repeat the formulas of the founders of this nation rather than to emulate their creative spirit, I shall vote, as a protest, for Norman Thomas.

Seattle, Wash.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

I don't propose to throw my vote away, and I should like to see the two-party system prosper. To vote for either President Tweedle-dum or Governor Tweedle-dee of the Republican-Democratic Party would, obviously, be wasting a ballot; for what matters it which wins? So I shall have to vote for the candidate of the other party — Norman Thomas — whether I like it or not. But I do. It will be a pleasure to record a preference for courage over cravenness, brains over ballyhoo, and for honesty over hokum. And I still call myself a conservative.

New York, N. Y.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

I am one of those who say, "Why on earth should I vote? It is all fixed up beforehand." I only marvel that there aren't more of us.

New York, N. Y.

HELENE MAGARET

The salvation of the state lies not so much in the greatness of the governors as in the greatness of those governed. New York's enthusiasm for Mayor Walker is one of America's most blatant affirmations of corruption, for the degradation of the people alone made a Mayor Walker possible. *By their rulers ye shall know them.* I am voting for Norman Thomas because I believe with him that "never yet has any civilization endured with no philosophy but a superficial pragmatism," and because the future of America depends upon a courage to "change the icons and light the candles again."

Omaha, Neb.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I shall vote for Herbert Hoover. The plain common sense of Abe Lincoln has left us the adage that it is poor policy to swap horses crossing a stream. And we, along with all the other nations, are crossing the biggest economic creek the human race has come to yet. Herbert Hoover's mind moves on the sober plane of economic stresses and strains which reach beyond individual personalities and even individual nations. It is no time to substitute a politician with a makeshift charter of temporary national grievances for a man with his eyes upon the future of the race.

Aurora, N. Y.

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

An Old Veteran Speaks

To the Editor:

I notice in "My Platform," published in the September issue, that you advocate the elimination of all compensation to veterans except for injuries sustained in war. Now I happen to be one who will be affected if you succeed in putting this across. I am unemployed, sixty-three, and look all of it, to say nothing of my disabilities rated at 75%; so there is almost no possibility of my ever securing work if things do pick up. However, I can assure you that I have no intention of going hungry in this land of plenty that I risked my life to sustain. Now, how much do you think the people of this country will gain by taking a lousy pension away from a few old veterans and supporting them on the bum or in prison?

True, you might, if so disposed, discover some "disabled" veterans who are drawing down good pensions while holding good jobs or living free in a home or hospital. While doing that you might also investigate the charge that Archie Roosevelt, who seems to be heading this raid on our pensions, has through his steamship company set the government back some $18,000,000 and received enough for carrying two pounds of mail to pay for the ship he hauled it on. This according to a statement of Congressman Patman. Don't you think it would be a better policy to stop a little of this graft than to turn a few crippled veterans out to starve?

SAM MURRAY

Sacramento, Calif.

Back to the Soil

To the Editor:

I echo Mr. J. W. McWhorter's reply to Mr. C. J. Thornquest ("Getting Back to Earth," July FORUM) in the September Rostrum. "Why," indeed, "shouldn't college graduates plow and hoe," etc? I have in mind a Princeton man, who, together with his wife, a teacher of Home Economics and some branches of the crafts, has for some time been operating a small farm. They are using their acquired knowledge in this enterprise, and as they haven't much money, they do nearly all of the work.

The life of these people is anything but coarse and crude, even if their hands do bear marks of the soil. They are keeping their ideals shining and have not "gone native" because of digging, plowing, and perspiring.

I rejoice to see many young college graduates voluntarily turning to the soil for self-expression. I think many who feel that they have been forced into this life by economic pressure will find something greater than they had dreamed of. Even Mr. Thornquest may find compensation in his tussle with the soil — in the plus element without which all the training of all the colleges and universities in the world leave a graduate just a graduate.

ELL ENN ESS

New York, N. Y.

The Froth and Scum

To the Editor:

Your FORUM is not a real forum, presenting the views of various strata of our people, but an exhibit of the extravagant, the extreme, the foul, and the lawless. Even the lingo of New York you imagine the language of the American people. Reading your magazine one would think there were no God-fearing, true, and common-sense people in the United States. The public you depict is the froth and scum. While pretending to be a forum you seek to deceive the people, upholding lawlessness and untruth and defending our big moneyed interests that have created the panic by deliberately withholding commercial credit and killing business in 1929. You seek the advantage of New York, unable to see beyond the borough. Why not drop down somewhere in America and tramp a few days in the country and get acquainted? Try to get to know what kind of good people live in the United States.

JOSEPH C. HARVEY

Walden Newtown, Pa.

He Actually Did, Mr. Wilson

To the Editor:

I was interested in Rudy Vallée's protest published in Our Rostrum in October. Mr. Vallée admits that he does not possess a sense of humor. That makes it unanimous. But Mr. Vallée does possess a beautifully developed sense of self, if he actually wrote that protest.

EDWARD P. WILSON

St. Joseph, Mo.

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